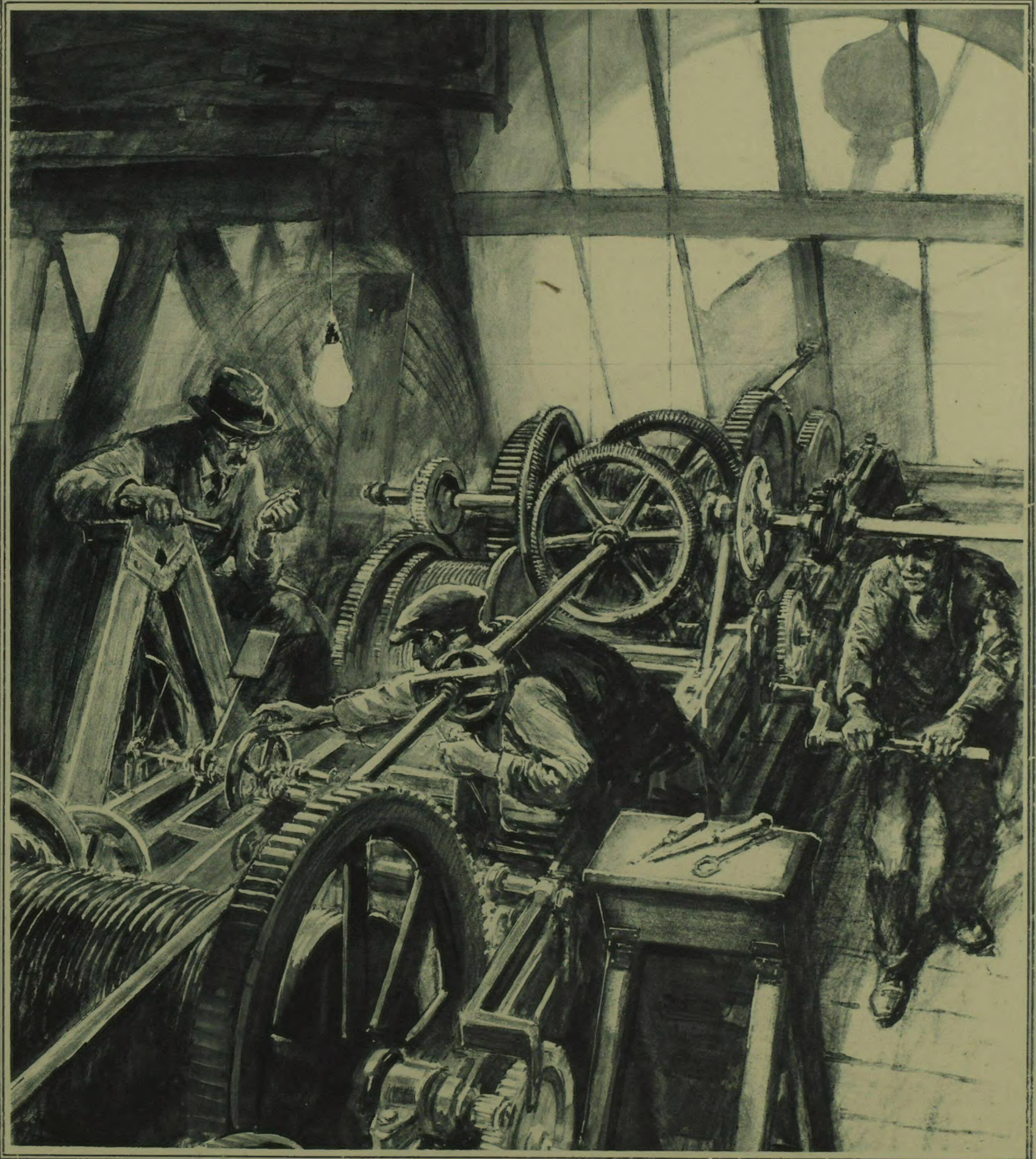


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1927. 4584

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THE GREAT CLOCK OF ST. PAUL'S WORKED BY HAND DURING RECENT REPAIRS: MOVING THE MECHANISM.

A few days ago (on February 23 and 24, to be exact) the great clock of St. Paul's Cathedral, which was temporarily out of order through the wearing of certain pins, was kept going by hand for several hours while the necessary repairs were effected. Our drawing shows the special clock-repairers from Derby (where the clock was made by Messrs. Smith) working it by hand whilst new parts were adjusted. They moved the hands almost as if the clock were going normally, synchronising exactly at each quarter. The man

on the left is giving the exact time to a workman (in centre) who is adjusting the small wheel. The St. Paul's timekeeper (on the right) is winding up the clock and chimes. The time is a quarter to twelve, and the shadow of the great hour-hand facing Cannon Street can be seen in the midday sunlight. The fan attached to the quarter chimes is whirling round (left background). The bar coming towards the front turns the hands of the clock-dial facing Ludgate Hill, and the transverse bar goes to the Queen Victoria Street face.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU. (COPYRIGHTED.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A TRIANGULAR difference of opinion may sometimes seem to be something of a tangle, especially on a subject now so hopelessly tangled as the matter of the modern family. Miss Edith Shackleton, with whom I often agree, and the Dean of St. Paul's, with whom I have once or twice been known to disagree, seem to have a disagreement of their own; and it is likely enough that I should disagree with both of them. Anyhow, Miss Shackleton reproaches Dean Inge with his old-fashioned defence of the family, and quotes the Bible against him, especially certain sayings in the Gospel about giving up the family for the faith. I confess it never would have occurred to me to regard the Dean as very securely tied either to the tradition of the Christian home or the authority of the Christian documents. The gloomy boomster of Birth Control is hardly a typical defender of the old-fashioned family. The sceptical and highly negative Neo-Platonist can hardly be pinned with texts as if he were a Fundamentalist. I suppose Dean Inge would say that the texts mentioned by Miss Shackleton were late monkish interpolations. For it is a principle of all truly scientific Higher Criticism that any text you do not happen to like is a later monkish interpolation.

But the questions raised by Miss Shackleton are of considerable interest. She is not merely a shallow progressive or the sort of person who talks as if a thing must be rational because it is recent. The greater part of the journalistic stuff written in defence of the modern woman or the modern ways is a dreary repetition of catchwords and identical propositions. The controversialists merely continue to argue in circles, being content to know that they are very fashionable circles. Their argument almost invariably amounts to this: "The Victorian girl was weak and cowardly because she wore ringlets and crinolines when ringlets and crinolines were fashionable. The modern girl is independent and individual because she wears shingled hair and short skirts when shingled hair and short skirts are fashionable." Having started in this cheery confusion, they then generally go on to say that certain ideas, intrinsically quite independent of time, are in some mysterious way tied up with these passing fashions; tied to the apron-strings of one age or the bonnet-strings of another. If somebody suggests that it is rather better to deal with faithful people than with faithless ones, we are told solemnly that that sort of fidelity belonged to the age of crinolines—which is exactly like saying that the notion of telling the truth belonged to the age of cross-bows. On that assumption, there seems nothing to be said except "So much the better for the age of cross-bows." And on the parallel assumption there seems nothing to be said except "So much the better for the age of crinolines." As a matter of fact, of course, both assumptions are false and absurdly unphilosophical. Ideas like truth and fidelity remain to be judged on their own merits without reference to the external modes of the age, as the multiplication table or the theory of cause and effect remains in spite of any alteration in our taste in hats. A man's head will continue to calculate that two and two make four, and that cause precedes effect,

however rapid and varied be the succession of hats on his head.

We have to read through so much of this rubbish that it is always refreshing to come on Miss Shackleton's particular type of feminism or progress. But, in this particular case, I think she fails to see the real answer to her own question. She invents what seems to me a very excellent phrase. Indeed, it is a phrase that might lead to a complete understanding of the problem, only that I am not sure that she understands the phrase. She talks about "the extension of the family." She goes on to take this as meaning, in the main, merely that general widening of social relations which takes place when the family is less isolated and when intercourse with strangers is more free and easy.

But something much more important than that may be extracted from such an expression as "the extension of the family." It does not mean that the family should be broken or loosened or scattered among all the people in the street. It means that the

The real extension of the home is something that will sound very new because it is really very old. The germ of it can be described in the one ancient and familiar word "hospitality." The home did grow a great deal too narrow in its later days; just as other good things, such as the guilds, grew a great deal too narrow in their later days. The making of guilds may be compared to the making of gates, and the making of gates implies a sudden choice and discretion, both for admission and exclusion. But men began with the idea of making gates that would open. They tended towards the end to make gates that would shut. Somewhat in the same way, the whole idea of domesticity is an affair of doors; but, whereas the doors were once chiefly made to open, they were later chiefly made to shut. From this came all there is of truth in the modern descriptions of the stuffy and stagnant Victorian home; and there is a certain amount of truth in that description.

But the cure for a stuffy house is to open the windows, not to knock down the walls. It is to open the windows and more especially to open the doors.

The narrowness and dullness of domesticity, as described in so many recent plays and novels, was due not to an old tradition but to a new fashion, and a fashion that was rather peculiar to the suburbs of modern industrial cities. It was not due to the ancient and normal conception of a man talking to his family. It was due to the new and nasty conception of a man not talking to his neighbours. It was due to quite modern types of snobbishness; to the exclusiveness of small social pretensions; to "keeping oneself to oneself"; to nomadic habits and new surroundings; to the loss of the old patriotism of the parish and paternal quality of the parish church; to the mean mercantile fear of knowing impecunious people; in short, to all the essentially modern evils of the outskirts of industrialism. It is quite true in this sense that too many people were shut up in their homes. But the cure is not to shut up the homes altogether. The cure is to open them altogether; to re-establish the old natural relations with neighbours; to make a Christian house almost as human as a Red Indian wigwam or an Arab tent.

Hospitality, the most ancient of human virtues, may appear again in the last days to meet the most modern of social problems, and men once more remember that Zeus is the protector of the stranger, as they did in the morning of the world.

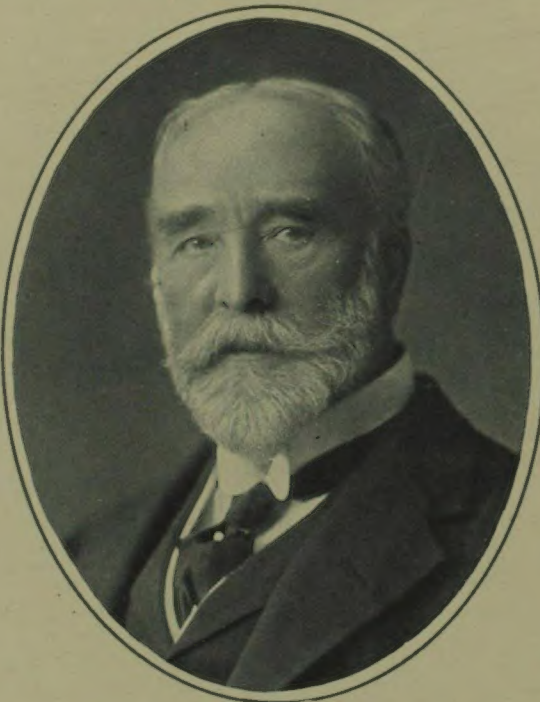
Now, for this policy another policy is undoubtedly necessary, one which I will not describe elaborately here, but one which I have often defended in these columns. I will only say for the moment that one of the many reasons that make me believe in the more equal distribution of private property is the need for expanding domesticity by the much wider practice of private hospitality. That is the normal and dignified manner of mixing with the world; the way which leaves a certain responsibility, at once creative and vigilant, in the maker and master of the feast, and bids him, as in the parables and the nursery rhymes, to call in his neighbours to be his friends.



A FAMOUS ADVOCATE: THE LATE SIR EDWARD MARSHALL-HALL, K.C.

Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, who died recently at the age of sixty-eight, was one of the leading advocates of his day. The most important case in which he appeared was the Crawford-Dilke case in 1886, less than three years after he had been "called." Later he became prominent at the criminal Bar, and defended in many famous murder and other trials, including the Yarmouth beach crime, the "Brides in the Bath," the "Green Bicycle," the Crumbles, and the Stella Maris cases. He was M.P. (Conservative) for Southport, 1900-6, and for the East Toxteth Division of Liverpool 1910-16, when he became Recorder of Guildford. He was knighted in 1917. Among his side interests were spiritualism, golf, and art-collecting.—[Photograph by E. H. Mills.]

family should really extend; that it should have power to extend itself; that such groups should have, as they say of committees, power to add to their number. It is a very complete difference; it is almost a contrary. It is as different, let us say, as the fate of two historic cities: the end of Jerusalem, when it fell and its citizens were scattered over the whole earth; and the rise of Rome, when it spread and its citizens became citizens of the whole world. You may talk in the one case of the extension of Israel as in the other of the extension of Italy. And you may call it the extension of the home to make all its children homeless. They may often be luxurious and gay and gaudy in their homelessness. So have the Jews in their homelessness, been often luxurious and gay and gaudy, and none the less unhappy for that. But weakening the home and pouring all its material into clubs and hotels is not extending the home, unless exile be extension.

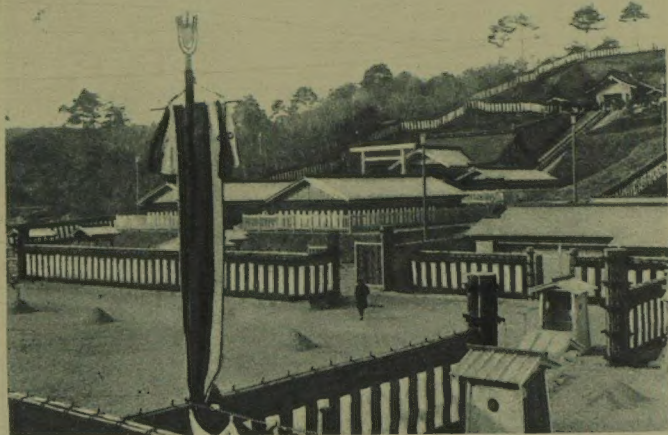


A FAMOUS PAINTER: THE LATE SIR LUKE FILDES, R.A.

Sir Luke Fildes, who was eighty-three, exhibited his first picture at the Academy—"Fair Quiet and Sweet Rest"—in 1872. Two years later he made his name with "The Casual Ward," and among his other pictures of a pathetic type were "The Return of the Penitent" and "The Widower," but the best known of all his works in that vein is "The Doctor," shown in 1892. For the interior he had a Wiltshire cottage re-erected in his studio. Another very popular picture was "The Village Wedding." In later years he took to portraiture. In 1901 he painted State portraits of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and in 1912 that of King George. He became an R.A. in 1887, and was knighted in 1906.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

THE PASSING OF THE JAPANESE EMPEROR: OLD-TIME FUNERAL PAGEANTRY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND I.B.



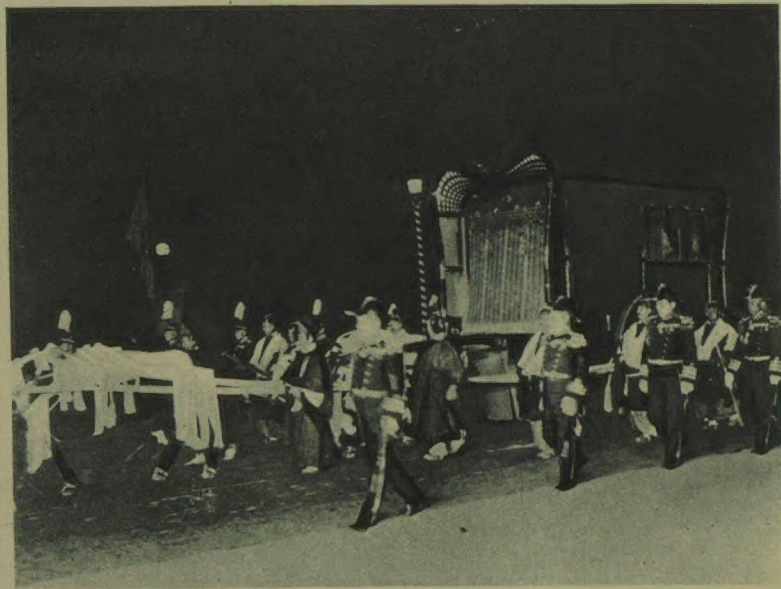
WHERE THE EMPEROR YOSHIHITO WAS LAID TO REST: THE MAUSOLEUM AT ASAKAWA, ON A HILL LOOKING TOWARDS MT. FUJI, DRAPED WITH BLACK AND WHITE ON THE FUNERAL DAY.



THE UNIQUE HEARSE: A VEHICLE OF AGE-OLD FORM, WITH WHEELS CUNNINGLY MADE TO EMIT SEVEN DIFFERENT CREAKS AT EACH REVOLUTION, AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE PALACE AT TOKIO.



SOME OF THE TWO MILLION PEOPLE WHO KNELT BOWING TO THE DUST AS THE COFFIN PASSED: A TOKIO CROWD, WITH ONE OF THE SPECIAL BEACONS FOR THE NIGHT PROCESSION (RIGHT BACKGROUND).



THE HEARSE DRAWN BY SACRED OXEN, WITH SPECIAL MARKINGS, THAT WILL NEVER WORK AGAIN: THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN TOKIO, WITH HIGH OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.



THE CATAFALQUE BORNE, ACCORDING TO TRADITION, BY YOUNG VILLAGERS OF YASE, NEAR KYOTO: THE PROCESSION FROM THE SPECIAL RAILWAY STATION BUILT NEAR ASAKAWA TO THE MAUSOLEUM.



SHINTO PRIESTS IN THE FINAL PROCESSION FROM THE RAILWAY STATION TO THE MAUSOLEUM AT ASAKAWA: SOME OF THEM CARRYING DRUMS (IN FRONT) AND OTHERS GONGS (AT THE BACK).

The funeral of the late Emperor Yoshihito of Japan took place on February 7 and 8 (as recorded in our issue of the 12th) with all the traditional rites that have been observed for many centuries. On the evening of the 7th the coffin was taken in procession from the Palace at Tokio to the Funeral Hall three or four miles away, through streets packed with thousands of people, many of whom had waited twelve to eighteen hours. As the *cortège* passed, they knelt and bowed themselves in the dust. The route was illuminated by huge beacons of antique form, but lit with electricity or gas. The procession was a strange mixture of old and new, with officers and men in modern uniform side by side with bowmen

and spearmen and officials and Shinto priests in picturesque ancient costume. The only foreigner in the procession was Lieut.-Col. Hill, Military Attaché at the British Embassy, representing our Army, of which the late Emperor was a Field-Marshal. The hearse was of the unique traditional type, with wheels emitting at each revolution seven different creaks expressive of mourning. After the last rites at the Funeral Hall, the coffin was taken, at midnight, by rail to a specially built station near Asakawa, some thirty miles from Tokio. There it was carried next morning, by young villagers from Yase (their traditional privilege) by a mile-long route to the mausoleum on a hillside looking towards Mount Fuji.

At the Sign of St. Paul's

By JOHN OWEN.

Quick March! March was once the first month of the year. It derives its name, of course, from the god of war. The Romans began their year with hopes of new battles and conquest: so perhaps the month will now be taken over, as the appropriate occasion for high festival, by any colonel-comedians who like to eat fire at banquets before standing up to abuse, rather than to offer constructive criticism of, the League of Nations!

If Rome dedicated the Capitol to Jupiter, the plain between the Capitol and the river was allocated to Mars. This form of worship by dedication of a locality was a feature of the religious usage of the Romans, who, while they did not maintain a regular priesthood, set apart devotees to each deity.

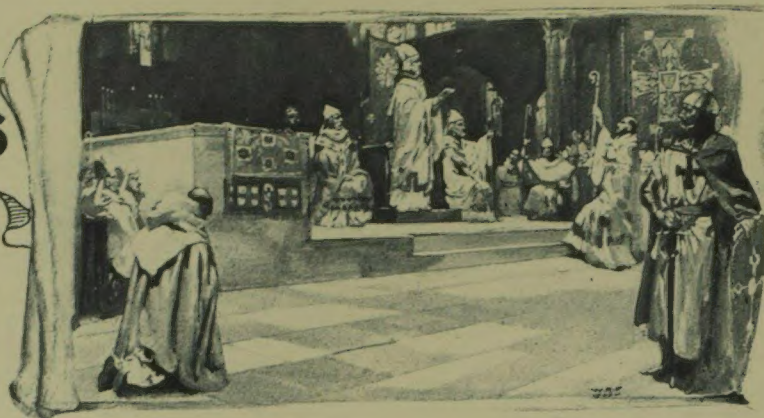
The *Salii*, or "Leapers," were members of a college instituted by Numa to be employed in the service of Mars. The month was given a tempestuous name also by the Saxons, though the supposition is here rather of a meteorological disturbance than of a political one. March was the stormy month (*Hylt Monarht*).

Until the reform of our calendar, March marked the beginning of the year; and the legal year began on March 25, a day which, under its name of Lady Day, is not unknown to such persons as have avoided the necessity of buying their houses and who still continue to pay rent. The month has always been sadly abused, but Shakespeare was kind to it when he reminded us of the daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

The Energy of Volta.

It is curious to reflect how often we use some people's names without knowing it. In this age of electricity it is fitting that we should not forget that the fifth of March marks the centenary of the death of a great Italian physicist whose reputation persists in a term that has become a commonplace. A century ago to-day (March 5) died Alessandro Volta, the discoverer of Voltaism or voltaic energy. His name is the great glory of Como, where he began, at a very early age, his speculations on the subject of electric fluid, particularly in respect to its chemical reactions. Like many pioneers, he seems to have been able as a young man to get into touch with other lonely thinkers and to have exchanged ideas. He gave us early forms of condenser and electrometer, and investigated the question of how conductors become electrified by contact. On the principle discovered by him, Galvani—whose name is on our lips whenever, for instance, we speak of "galvanising a dying party"—constructed his battery or voltaic pile. A paper of Volta's was read before the Royal Society, and, learning of this, Napoleon, being then at his most glorious, invited the scientist to Paris, and even struck a medal in his honour. Perhaps, in anticipation of loss of power, the Emperor hoped that the Italian would contrive a novel battery for galvanising into new life declining political causes. But long before the Hundred Days the modest Volta, convinced that the time had come for his own withdrawal from experiment in favour of others with higher qualifications, had passed into so complete a retirement that, had his work not been so thorough and so essentially permanent, it would have been difficult for his contemporaries to remember what he had done.



Otho the White, Cardinal Deacon of St Nicholas in Carcere Tulliano, the Papal Legate invited to England by Henry III, promulgating the canons which were to form the law of the Church in England, defied by Walter de Cantelupe, Bishop of Worcester.

When We Lost Hart.

Shanghai, which has given our tongue a new verb (acknowledged, by the way, in Dr. Fowler's "Modern English Usage"), has been very much in the public news. It was much in the news also in 1841, when it was one of the cities bombarded by the

once celebrated Sir William Parker. Parker's public performance was curiously divided. Following nearly twenty years' service, he left the Navy to become a country gentleman. After thirteen years of rural life, he returned to sea. Then he took a spell at the Admiralty, but in 1841 went out to command the China Station, and in that character captured Shanghai.

The city became a treaty port in the following year, but did not immediately overflow with inhabitants from Europe. When its value as a port was realised, however, it soon began to attract foreigners of every sort. Later its most famous white resident was the man who was afterwards to become head of the Imperial Chinese Customs at Peking, Sir Robert Hart. He was once offered the appointment of Ambassador, but declined. Hart was a man with a very clear conception of his

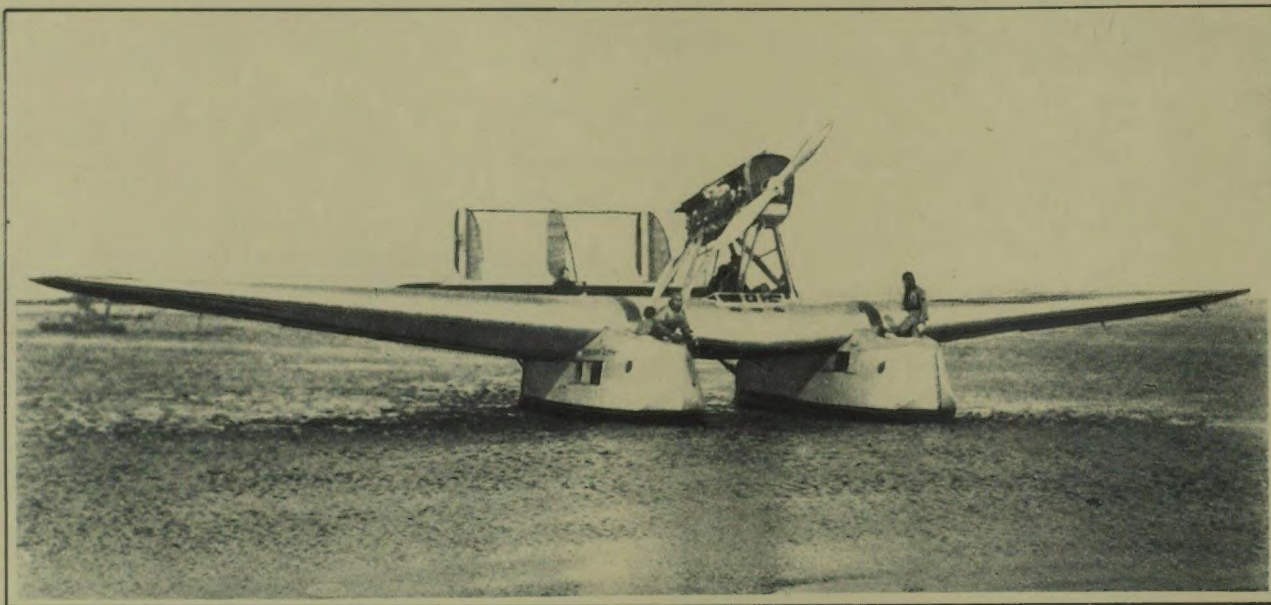
position, and nobody had a finer perception of that intricate and baffling piece of intellectual mechanism, the Chinese mind. The Chinese made him one of themselves, and he was the modest possessor of the Red Button, the Double Dragon, and the Peacock's Feather.

The Duke of Wellington.

Wellington, where the Duke of York arrives to-day (March 5), was founded by the New Zealand Company as recently as 1840, and the first ship to bring emigrants to the town anchored off Port Nicholson on Jan. 22, 1841. But English keels had troubled the waters of these coasts seventy years before that. The first pair of English eyes to see this land were those of a boy, Nicholas Young, who, from the mast-head of Cook's *Endeavour*, made his great discovery. The history of the colony is a mixture of the tragic and the comic, of massacres by aborigines, on the one hand, and on the other of such ludicrous incidents as the attempt to establish himself in the character of a sovereign made by the Baron de Thierry, who claimed to have purchased, for a bundle of axe-heads, a great territory, and who arrived one day with a silken banner and ninety-three street loafers from Sydney in order to set up an independent State. When the money ran out and there was no dole to draw, the poor Baron found himself deserted.

Affairs with the aborigines were more serious, though it is possible that suspicion of the white man was first planted in the minds of these people by a curious enterprise by the Governor of the Norfolk Island convict settlement, who captured a pair of Maoris in order that they might teach his men how to dress flax in the extremely successful native way. But of the captured savages one was a priest and the other a chief, and they professed ignorance of their people's craft! Later a scare was caused among intending settlers by the massacre of the crew of the *Boyd*, when, in revenge for the captain's cruelty to a chief's son, seventy men were killed and eaten. Though thus swallowing their ill-treatment, the natives spared a woman, a cabin-boy, and two children.

There was a big New Zealand sensation in September 1877, when Haast read his paper at the Christchurch Institute on the extraordinary rock paintings he had seen in the Weka Pass Range—paintings of animals, dresses, and weapons used not by Maoris, but by another people, half-civilised and alien.



THE FIFTH TRANSATLANTIC AEROPLANE FLIGHT: THE MARQUIS DE PINEDO'S SAVOIA "S55" FLYING-BOAT (WITH TWO 500-550-H.P. ISOTTA FRASCHINI ENGINES) AT REST ON THE WATER.

Photograph by Barratt.



THE ITALIAN AIRMAN WHO RECENTLY FLEW ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: THE MARQUIS DE PINEDO (LEFT) WITH SIGNOR BALBO (CENTRE), ITALIAN UNDER-SECRETARY FOR AVIATION, IN SARDINIA BEFORE THE START.

The Marquis de Pinedo started near Lake Maggiore on February 8 for his flight from Italy to South America. He left the Cape Verde Islands, for the Transatlantic lap, on February 22, and later the same day arrived over Port Natal, Brazil, but did not land there owing to rough weather. He returned to the island of Fernando Noronha, off the coast, where the weather was calmer and he was able to descend. The distance he covered across the Atlantic was about 1750 miles. He arranged to return across the north Atlantic to Rome by way of Rio, the United States, and Newfoundland, covering in all 25,000 miles. In 1925 he flew from Rome to Tokio and thence to Australia and back. Previous Transatlantic flights were made by Lieut.-Com. A. C. Read, U.S.N., in May 1919; Sir John Alcock in June 1919; Commanders Cabral and Coutinho (Portuguese pilots) from Lisbon to Pernambuco; and Commandante Franco in January 1926.

Photograph by Sport and General.

BIG-GAME HUNTING IN AFRICA: II.—THE GIANT ELAND.

DRAWN AND DESCRIBED BY RAOUL MILLAIS.



THE Giant Eland, or Lord Derby's Eland, as it is often called, was first discovered by an English collector, named Whitfield, employed by the thirteenth Earl of Derby. He first brought home horns in 1846. Later Captain Reade obtained specimens which were exhibited at the Zoological Society in 1863. "This great animal," writes Mr. Raoul Millais, "is perhaps one of the most difficult to obtain in Africa, for his territory is far removed from civilisation and also most unhealthy. Even if one does, after many months' travelling, eventually reach the forests which he inhabits, it is largely luck if one catches a glimpse of him."

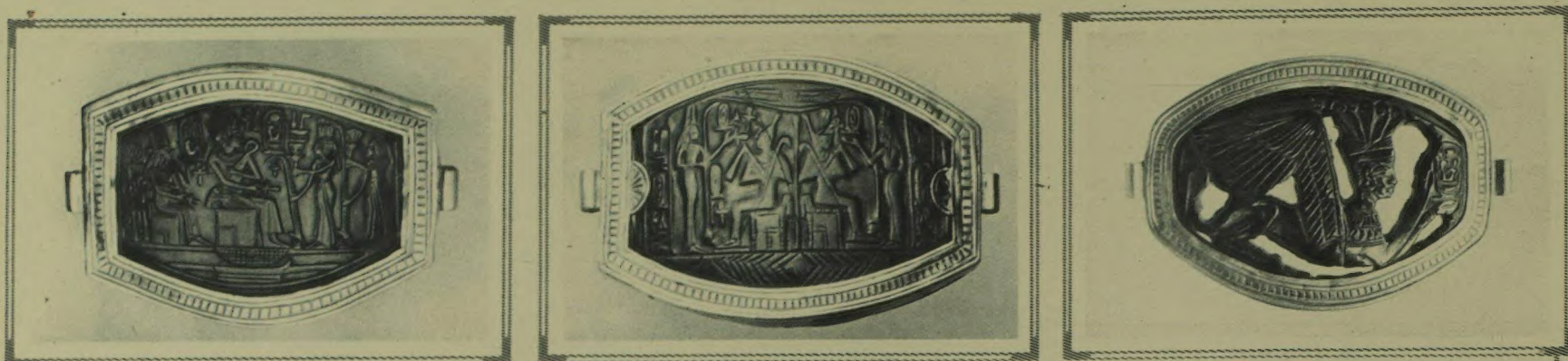
ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT ANIMALS TO OBTAIN IN AFRICA: THE GIANT ELAND, OR BOGGA.

"In 1923," writes Mr. Raoul Millais, "I made a trip into the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and trekked westward from the Nile into the dry bush country. After some weeks' travelling without hearing any news of 'Bogga,' as the natives call him, I eventually reached the country of the Juers, where I obtained a guide who knew the surrounding bush well and the habits of the eland. On the second day we came upon the fresh tracks of a single bull. The ground was caked hard like rock, making the spoor extremely difficult to pick up. Now the giant eland leaves a very small spoor for so large an animal (an adult bull measures about 5 ft. 8 in. at the shoulder, and 9 ft. from the nose to the base of the tail). However, by persevering for some hours, we were at last rewarded, for my guide suddenly fell full-length on the ground, and

pointed ahead. Soon I made out the hindquarters and tail of a beast some 150 yards away. I waited anxiously for the animal to move, which it soon did with some rapidity, as my guide, in his excitement, stood up and showed himself. Then ensued a loud thudding noise, and, on moving forward, I saw a large herd of giant eland, mostly cows, but in the centre a magnificent bull with a jet-black neck. Now, I thought, all was lost, as hunters had told me that the eland, when disturbed, will sometimes travel fifty miles without stopping. I raced after them, and, after careering through the bush for about two miles, was rewarded by a glimpse of the bull moving slowly between the trees, and a lucky snapshot dropped him stone dead. He carried a fine pair of horns."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE GREAT CARNARVON EGYPTIAN COLLECTION GOES TO AMERICA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



CARNELIAN PLAQUES FROM BRACELETS OR ARMLETS MADE IN THE REIGN OF AMENHOTEP III. (18TH DYNASTY): SPECIMENS FROM LORD CARNARVON'S COLLECTION.



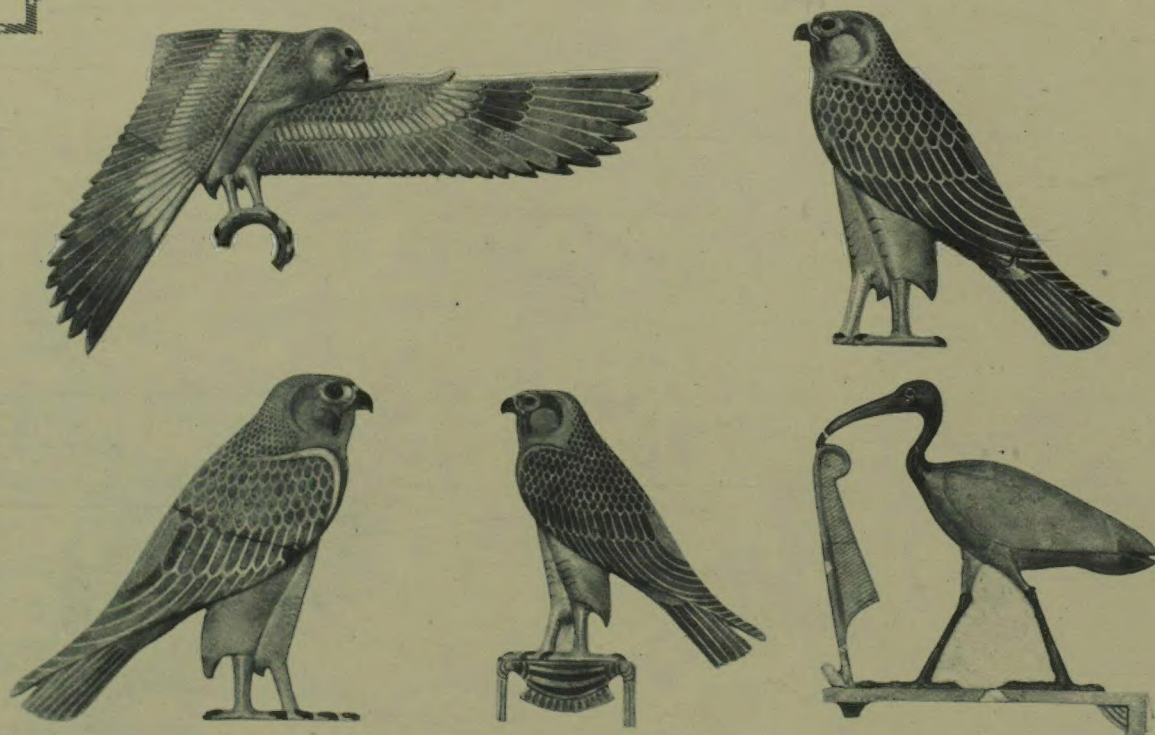
A BLUE FAIENCE LOTIFORM CUP OF THE LATE EMPIRE PERIOD: A FINE EXAMPLE OF EGYPTIAN NATURALISTIC DECORATION.



AN IVORY GAME-BOARD OF THE 12TH DYNASTY, WITH ANIMAL-HEADED PEGS, USED RATHER AFTER THE MANNER OF A CRIBBAGE SCORING-BOARD: INTERESTING EVIDENCE OF THE GREAT ANTIQUITY OF SUCH GAMES.



A BEAUTIFUL GLASS VASE OF THE EMPIRE PERIOD: ONE OF MANY IN THE CARNARVON COLLECTION.



HAWKS AND AN IBIS: A SELECTION FROM A GROUP OF POLYCHROME FAIENCE INLAIS, OF THE LATE DYNASTIC PERIOD, SOME RECALLING DESIGNS IN TUTANKHAMEN'S JEWELLERY—BEAUTIFUL SPECIMENS FROM THE LATE LORD CARNARVON'S COLLECTION.

The celebrated collection of over 1400 Egyptian antiques formed by the late Earl of Carnarvon (co-discoverer, with Mr. Howard Carter, of Tutankhamen's Tomb) has lately been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, through the generosity of one of its trustees, Mr. Edward S. Harkness. It was a unique collection of smaller objects of ancient Egyptian art. In the Museum's "Bulletin," Mr. Albert M. Lythgoe writes: "Lord Carnarvon, with the constant help of his friend and collaborator, Howard Carter, had begun the formation of this Egyptian collection in 1906, and he devoted himself assiduously to the work from that time until, a few months before his death, his discovery of the Tomb of Tutankhamen, and the tremendous task which there confronted him obliged

him to relinquish his efforts in every other direction. Needless to point out, this present collection does not include any objects from that tomb. . . . This collection does include, however, many outstanding objects yielded by the excavations, which Lord Carnarvon and Howard Carter conducted on various Egyptian sites, but particularly at Thebes, from 1906 to 1922. . . . Lord Carnarvon lived to see his collection become one of the most notable private Egyptian collections ever formed in any country. . . . He is quoted as having said: 'My chief aim is not merely to buy because a thing is rare, but rather to consider the beauty of an object than its pure historic value. Of course, when the two, beauty and historic interest, are blended in a single object, the interest and delight of

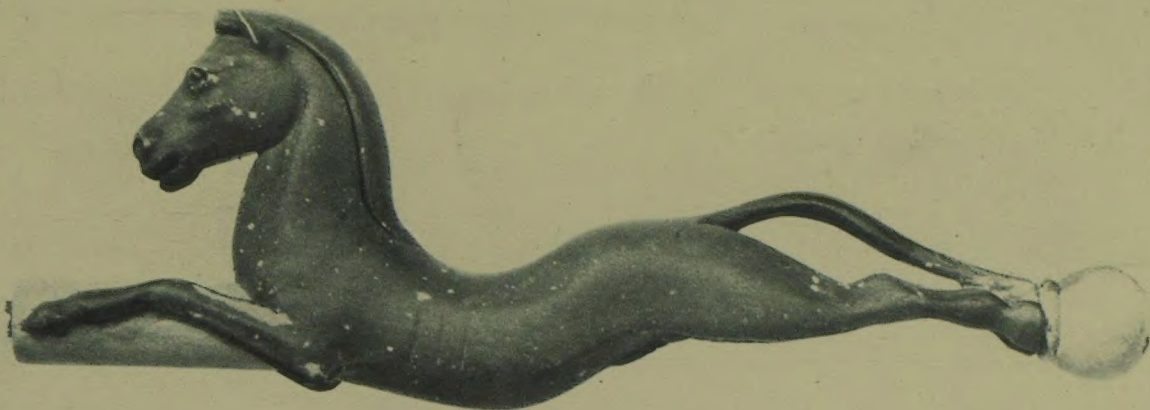
[Continued opposite.]

INCLUDING A GOLD STATUETTE OF AMON: THE CARNARVON TREASURES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



A GOLD STATUETTE OF AMON (18TH DYNASTY), SAID TO BE WORTH £10,000: ONE OF THE FINEST OBJECTS IN THE COLLECTION (ABOUT ACTUAL SIZE.)



A WHIP-HANDLE IN PAINTED IVORY IN THE FORM OF A HORSE: A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ANIMAL CARVING, WHICH DATES FROM THE TIME OF THE 18TH DYNASTY—A SPECIMEN FROM THE PRIVATE COLLECTION OF THE LATE EARL OF CARNARVON.



A REALISTIC HEAD OF A NEGRO: A BRONZE OF THE LATE DYNASTIC PERIOD.

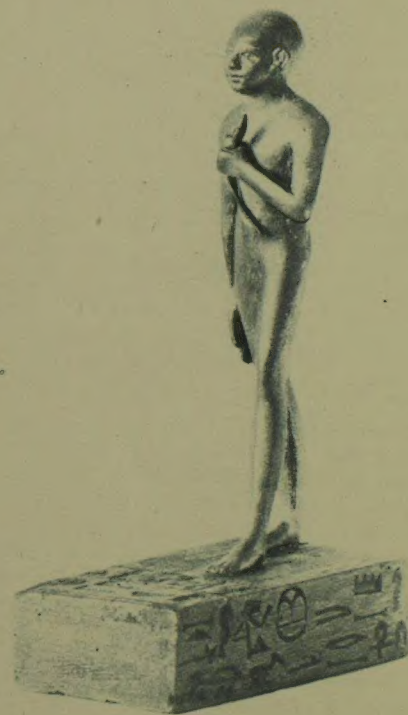


"MILLIONS OF YEARS": A HIEROGLYPHIC SIGN, IN GREEN FAIENCE INLAY, OF THE LATE DYNASTIC PERIOD—A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE FROM THE CARNARVON COLLECTION.



A LIMESTONE HEAD OF THE PTOLEMAIC PERIOD: AN INTERESTING TYPE OF REALISTIC SCULPTURE IN THE LATER ART OF ANCIENT EGYPT, FROM THE CARNARVON COLLECTION.

Continued.
possession are more than doubled.' . . . The collection may be described as embracing the following principal classes of objects: a superb series of statuettes and other examples of smaller sculpture in a great variety of materials, such as limestone, quartzite, red and yellow jasper, gold, silver, bronze, faience, wood, and ivory; many rare examples of vases and other objects of coloured and polychrome glass and faience; exquisitely wrought rings, necklaces, and other forms of ornament, of gold, carnelian, amethyst, lapis lazuli, obsidian, and faience; a large collection of scarabs, plaques, and seal-cylinders in faience and various stones, of the best and most representative types of their periods; and various other smaller groups of objects—all exemplifying the highest skill and perfection attained by Egyptian artists and craftsmen, and ranging in date from the early dynasties down to the Ptolemaic and Roman periods. . . . The greater part of the objects in the collection which were derived from Lord Carnarvon's excavations are treated in the volume which he and Mr. Howard Carter published as a record of their work at Thebes from 1907 to 1911 ("Five Years' Explorations at Thebes"). . . . This magnificent collection was the last of the great private Egyptian collections which remained in Europe, nor does it seem likely that circumstances would again render possible the formation of one so extensive in its scope and of such uniformly fine quality."



A STATUETTE OF A YOUTH, IN SILVER ALLOY: A WELL-PRESERVED SPECIMEN OF EGYPTIAN ART UNDER THE 18TH DYNASTY, FROM THE CARNARVON COLLECTION.

"Those Two Impostors": Triumph and Disaster.

"THE WORLD CRISIS, 1916-1918." By WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, C.H., M.P.*

THE concluding volumes of "The World Crisis" will rejuvenate the gibe that it is easy to win the war after the event. They will provoke controversy and contradiction, and wordy battling in Service clubs. They will be accused of bias and of exaltation of the ego. But not even the most choleric will deny their brilliance.

The bitter will sneer "Alone I did it!" or, at least, "Alone I could have done it!" Their scorn will be unfair. Tribute is rendered unto Caesar, even as ransom is exacted from the conquered. "There but for the grace of God go I" echoes in Mr. Churchill's pages. "Literary sniffs and snorts" are not for him—rather there are the thrusts and parries and ripostes of the coffee-for-one duel—and he writes: "The Great War wore out or justly or unjustly cast aside leaders in every sphere as lavishly as it squandered the lives of private soldiers. . . . Only those who succeeded, who lived through the convulsion and emerged prosperously at the end, know by what obscure twists and turns of chance they escaped a similar lot. Those two impostors, Triumph and Disaster, never played their pranks more shamelessly than in the Great War. When men have done their duty and done their best, have shirked no labour and flinched from no decision that it was their task to take, there is no disgrace in eventual personal failure. They are but good comrades who fall in the earlier stages of an assault, while others, profiting by their efforts and experiences, ultimately carry to victory."

Above all, he realises the puniness of Frankenstein gripped by the soulless monster of his making. "The Great War owned no Master; no one was equal to its vast and novel issues; no human hand controlled its hurricanes; no eye could pierce its whirlwind dust-clouds." Hence the tragedies and the tears, the profound miscalculations, the rivalry of interests, sterile and prodigal offensives, fertilities and failures, confusions of thought, the employment of "walking ruins," mere "exchanges of lives" when dominance was sought, little gains when objective was achieved. Yet, in Mr. Churchill's mind is the feeling—he would not have it called the belief—that other methods might on occasion have brought better results.

He criticises continually, at times caustically; but never without supporting arguments and full explanation of the faith that is in him. Particularly is he for containing the strong point and attacking the weak unless it is known that the end will amply justify the means and that advance can be advantageous and deep. He illustrates his theory freely and at length. "It is certain," he notes, "surveying the war as a whole, that the Germans were strengthened relatively by every Allied offensive—British or French—launched against them, until the summer of 1918. Had they not squandered their strength in Ludendorff's supreme offensive in 1918, there was no reason why they should not have maintained their front in France practically unaltered during the whole of the year, and retreated during the winter no farther than the Meuse. . . . The question is whether it was wise policy to seek and pursue prolonged offensive on the largest scale in order to wear down the enemy by attrition; whether instead of seeking the offensive ourselves in France, both British and French ought not consistently on all occasions to have endeavoured to compel the enemy to attack. . . . Once the enemy was co attack we could have exacted a cruel if have been his part, not ours, to crush wire and gorge machine guns with the of youth."

He does not forget the question of morale, but he recalls, for example, the Battle of the Somme and the first onslaught. "Night closed over the still-thundering battlefield. Nearly 60,000 British soldiers had fallen, killed or wounded, or were prisoners in the hands of the enemy. This was the greatest loss and slaughter sustained in a single day in the whole history of the British Army. Of the infantry who advanced to the attack, nearly half had been overtaken by death, wounds or capture. Against this, apart from territory, we had gained 4000 prisoners and a score of cannon." The proportion of British losses to German was 23 to 1, and we did not take in a month's fighting "as much ground as we were expected to gain in the first two hours." The fault was not with the rank and file; and in justice to the leaders it must be remembered that the enemy were so depressed that it came to be written

in the history of the German 27th Division : "The men in 1918 had not the temper, the hard bitterness and spirit of sacrifice of their predecessors."

Mr. Churchill's description is graphic. "The anatomy of the battles of Verdun and the Somme was the same. A battlefield had been selected. Around this battlefield walls were built—double, triple, quadruple—of enormous cannon. Behind these railways were constructed to feed them, and mountains of shells were built up. All this was the work of months. Thus the battlefield was completely encircled by thousands of guns of all sizes, and a wide oval space prepared in their midst. Through this awful arena all the divisions of each army, battered ceaselessly by the enveloping artillery, were made to pass in succession, as if they were the teeth of interlocking cog-wheels grinding each other. . . . A young army, but the finest we have ever marshalled; improvised at the sound of the cannonade, every man a volunteer, inspired not only by love of country but by a widespread conviction that human freedom was challenged by military and Imperial tyranny, they grudged no sacrifice however unfruitful and shrank from no ordeal however destructive.

That is finely said. It is one of many perfect passages, but it must not be thought that "The World Crisis" is a mere medley of purple patches. Sincerity is not sacrificed to scintillation. Mr. Churchill is as logical, as clear, and often as charitable as he is condemnatory and constructive. And he endeavours to see the points of view of those to whom he is opposed. He does not agree, for instance, with Jellicoe's caution at Jutland; but he is at pains to acknowledge: "The standpoint of the Commander-in-Chief of the British Grand Fleet was unique. His responsibilities were on a different scale from all others. It might fall to him as to no other man—Sovereign, Statesman, Admiral, or General—to issue orders which in the space of *two or three hours* might nakedly decide who won the war. The destruction of the British Battle Fleet was final. Jellicoe was the only man on either side who could lose the war in an afternoon. First and foremost, last and dominating, in the mind of the Commander-in-Chief stood the determination not to hazard the Battle Fleet."

In the same way he sees the value as well as the weaknesses of Joffre, the sense of stability his very name conveyed at a moment when all seemed unstable; the contrasting characteristics of Gallieni, Haig, Kitchener, Robertson, the German Crown Prince—"harshly judged in the passion and propaganda of the war"—Castlenau, Scheer, Beatty, Hipper, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Falkenhayn, Mangin, Nivelle, Allenby, Wilson, Lloyd George, Foch, Clemenceau, Rawlinson, Gough, Brusiloff, and the other "great names."

And when it comes to the story of 1916-18 as a whole he re-proves himself to be not only a master writer, but a trenchant thinker. Nothing could be more absorbing than his descriptions, his comments, and his conclusions. His opportunity was exceptional; he has taken the fullest advantage of it. For the first time many will view in true perspective what has been to them a maze of distorted, misplaced planes.

Whatever the subject, there is revelation. Every phase of the war effort comes within the writer's scope — the actual fighting, naval and military, whether "operation" or "battle"; casualties and man-power; the provision of munitions, with the clashing demands of Navy, Army, and Air Force; the complications in the relationships of the Allies; questions of policy and expediency; "side-shows"; unity of command; the parts of Russia and Rumania; strategy and tactics, with the virtues and vices of long preparation and of surprise; morale and mutiny; "They shall not pass"; tanks and mechanical and chemical warfare in general; the U-boat campaign and its countering; the United States, its entry into the conflict and its potentialities; the Derby scheme and conscription; Allenby's "sword - flash" at Jerusalem; Northcliffe, the newspapers and propaganda; labour; food; the psychology and the tactics of the Central Powers—all claim his pen and most of them father the picturesque phrase, for he has the gift of the right word in the right place, the word so well chosen that none would seek to change it. Especially munitions: "Maeterlinck says the God of the bees is the future. At the Ministry of Munitions we were the bees of Hell, and we stored our hives with the pure essence of slaughter. It astonishes me to read in these after-years the diabolical schemes

for killing men on a vast scale by machinery and chemistry to which we passionately devoted ourselves. 'Les bons pères de famille sont capables de tout.' We denied ourselves nothing that the laws of war with their German applications would allow."

For the rest, it must be repeated that the craftsmanship of the writer of History has never been better displayed than in Mr. Churchill's accounts of Verdun, Jutland, the Somme, the U-boat warfare, Paschendaele, the final German effort on the Western Front, and the ultimate victory of the Allies after an unexpected "Jena Collapse."

In France and Flanders, "only the cemeteries, the monuments and stunted steeples, with here and there a mouldering trench or huge mine-crater lake, assail the traveller with the fact that twenty-five millions of soldiers fought here and twelve millions shed their blood or perished. . . . Is this the end? Is it to be merely a chapter in a cruel and senseless story? Will a new generation in their turn be immolated to square the black accounts of Teuton and Gaul? . . . Or will there spring from the very fires of conflict that reconciliation of the three giant combatants which would unite their genius and secure to each in safety and freedom a share in rebuilding the glory of Europe?" That is the note of hope in an epoch-making book that commands attention and compels admiration.

To/All ranks of the British Forces in France

Three weeks ago today the enemy began his terrific attacks against us on a 50 mile front. His objects are to separate us from the French, to take the Channel ports and destroy the British Army.

In spite of throwing already 106 Divisions into the battle and ~~suffering~~ enduring the most reckless sacrifice of human life, he has as yet made little progress towards his goals.

We owe this to the determined fighting & self sacrifice of our troops. Words fail me to express the admiration which I feel for the splendid resistance offered by all ranks of our Army under the most trying circumstances.

Many amongst us now are ~~under~~ very tired. To those I would say that Victory will belong to the side which holds out the longest. The French army is moving rapidly & in great force to our support - - - -

There is no other course open to us but to fight it out! Every position must be held to the last man: there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause each one of us must fight on to the end. The safety of our homes and the freedom of mankind alike depends upon the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment. But be of good cheer, the British Empire must win in the end. -

Thursday,
11 April 1918 } D. Haig. Gen.

THE FAMOUS "BACKS TO THE WALL" ORDER OF THE DAY-DATED APRIL 11, 1918:
FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG TO ALL RANKS OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN
FRANCE—SHOWING A SENTENCE DELETED IN PENCIL.

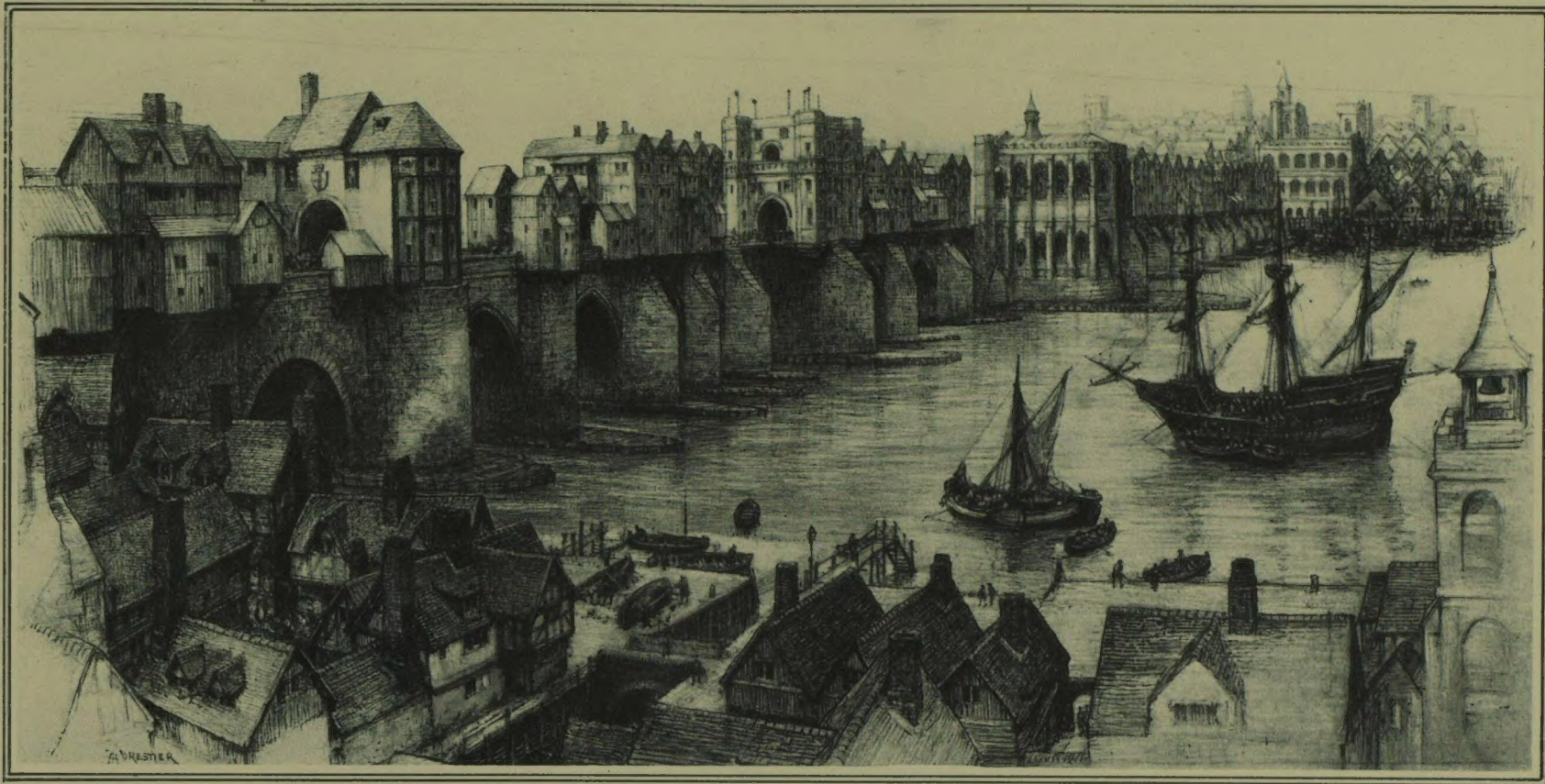
Reproduced from "The World Crisis," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Thornton Butterworth.

Struggling forward through the mire and filth of the trenches, across the corpse-strewn crater fields, amid the flaring, crashing, blasting barrages and murderous machine-gun fire, conscious of their race, proud of their cause, they seized the most formidable soldiery in Europe by the throat, slew them and hurled them unceasingly backward. If two lives or ten lives were required by their commanders to kill one German, no word of complaint ever rose from the fighting troops. No attack however forlorn, however fatal, found them without ardour. No slaughter however desolating prevented them from returning to the charge. No physical conditions however severe deprived their commanders of their obedience and loyalty. Martyrs not less than soldiers, they fulfilled the high purpose of duty with which they were imbued. The battlefields of the Somme were the graveyards of Kitchener's Army. The flower of that generous manhood which quitted peaceful civilian life in every kind of workaday occupation, which came at the call of Britain, and as we may still hope, at the call of humanity, and came from the most remote parts of her Empire, was shorn away for ever in 1916. Unconquerable except by death, which they had conquered, they have set up a monument of native virtue which will command the wonder, the reverence, and the gratitude of our island people as long as we endure as a nation among men."

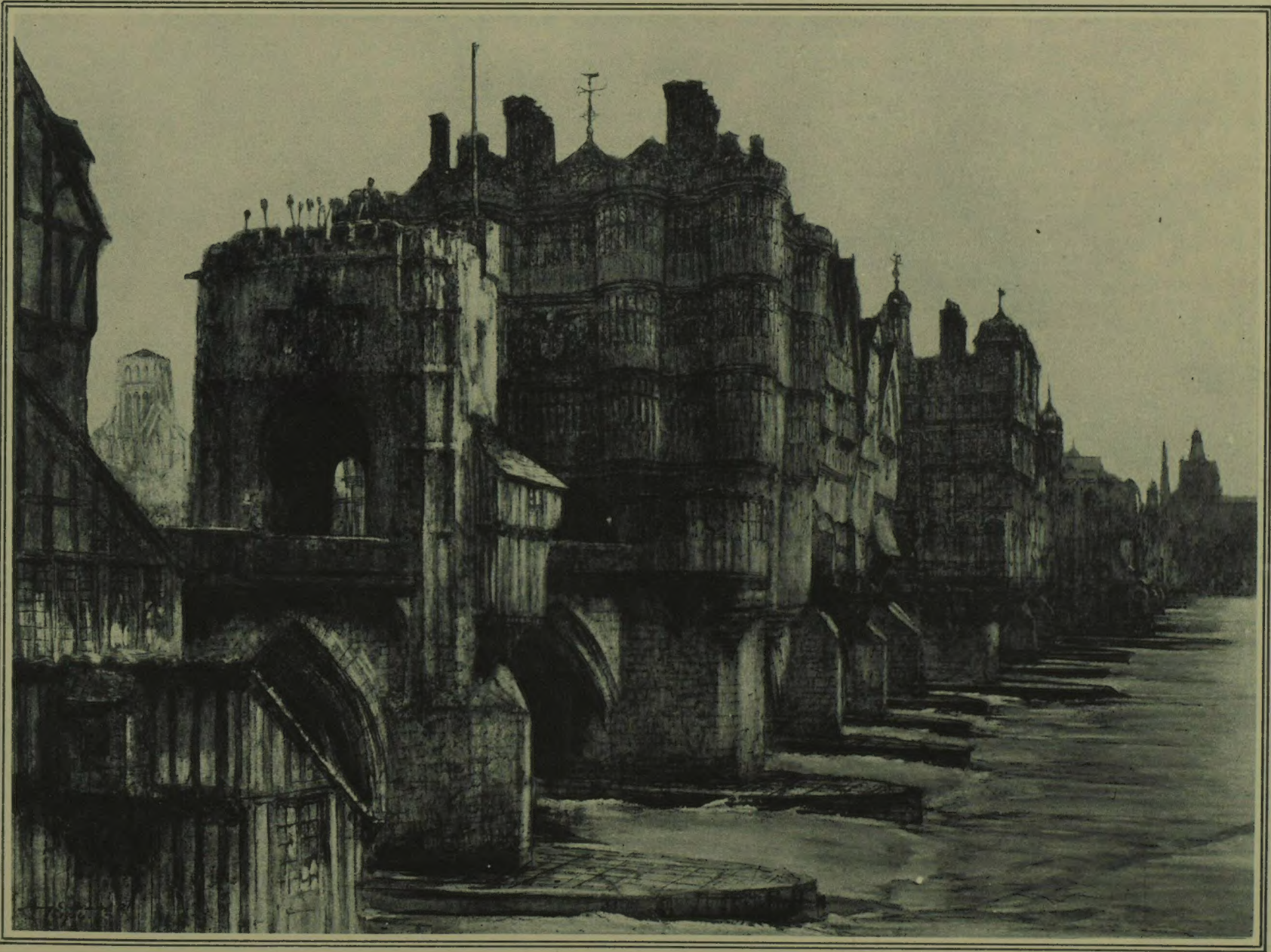
* "The World Crisis, 1916-1918." By the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., M.P., Author of "The World Crisis, 1911-1914," and "The World Crisis, 1915." Two volumes. (Thornton Butterworth; 2s. net.)

WHERE HEADS WERE EXHIBITED, AS IN CHINA: OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

NO. 1 A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY SKETCH BY A. VAN DEN WYNGAERDE. NO. 2 BY HENRY C. BREWER, R.I., SHOWN AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS EXHIBITION (1924). BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.



1. "LONDON BRIDGE BEFORE 1561": A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING FROM A CONTEMPORARY SKETCH DONE BY A DUTCH ARTIST—AN INTERESTING RECORD OF THE OLD BRIDGE, OF WHICH A MODEL DESIGNED BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN FORMED THE SETTING OF THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL—A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING HEADS ON POLES OVER TRAITORS' GATE, AND (FURTHER TO LEFT) ST. THOMAS'S CHAPEL.

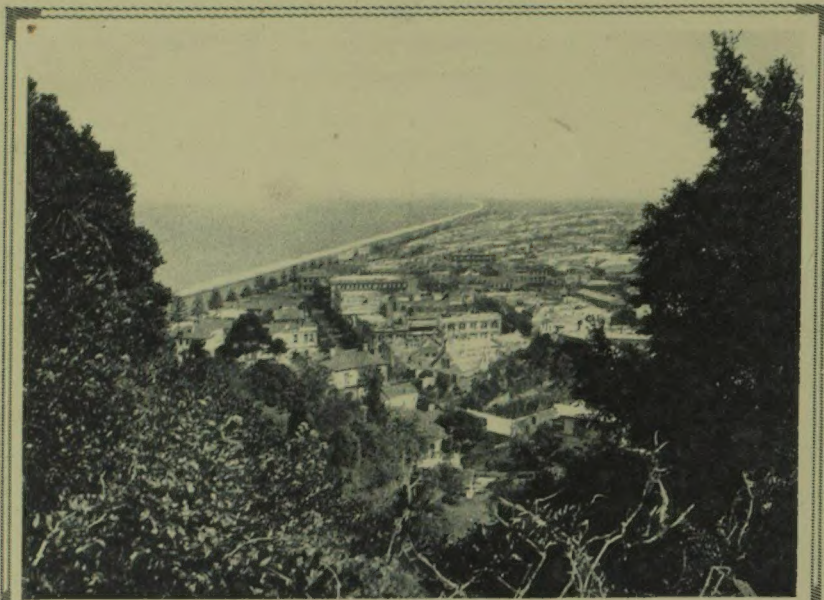


2. "LONDON BRIDGE IN 1588": PART OF THE BRIDGE AS IT WAS SOME THIRTY YEARS LATER THAN THE ABOVE, AT THE TIME OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, SHOWING HEADS EXHIBITED (AS IN MODERN CHINA) OVER TRAITORS' GATE, AND (BEYOND) THE GREAT GRANARY AND NONESUCH HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LORD MAYOR.

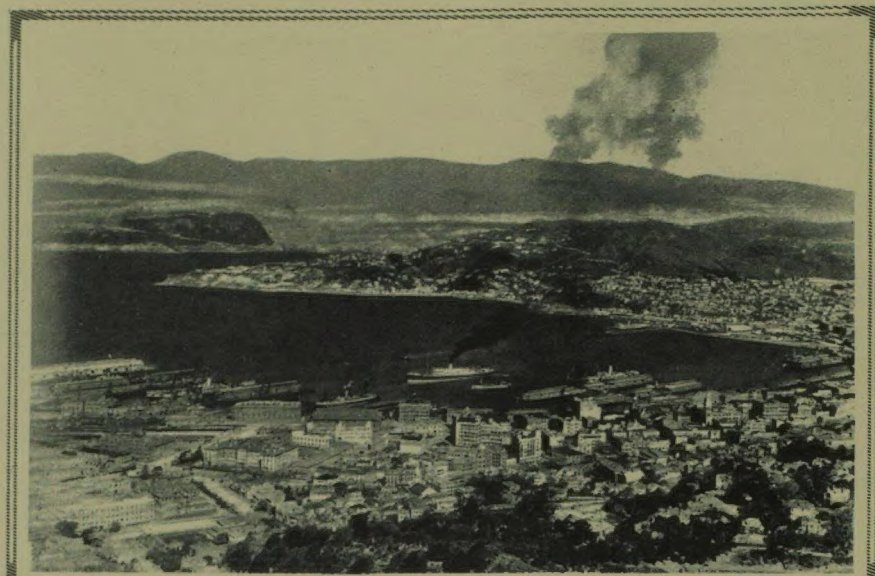
These two views of old London Bridge, both showing the east side from the south bank of the Thames, are interesting by way of contrast to the present problem of cross-river traffic, as reported on by the recent Commission, and also from the fact that a model of the old bridge, designed by Sir William Orpen, formed the setting of the Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall on February 24. The decapitated heads on the roof of Traitors' Gate recall the similar custom practised to-day by the Chinese, described in recent news from Shanghai. Mr. Brewer

writes: "Old London Bridge was commenced in 1176, and stood, with various alterations, until 1824. In Queen Elizabeth's reign it was a continuous street. The above view represents it at the time of the Armada. On Traitors' Gate the heads of traitors were stuck on poles on the roof. The building with the four semi-circular turrets was the Great Granary. The building beyond was the House of the Lord Mayor, Nonesuch House. Further on is St. Thomas's Chapel. In the distance (left background) is Old St. Paul's."—[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S.A. and Canada.]

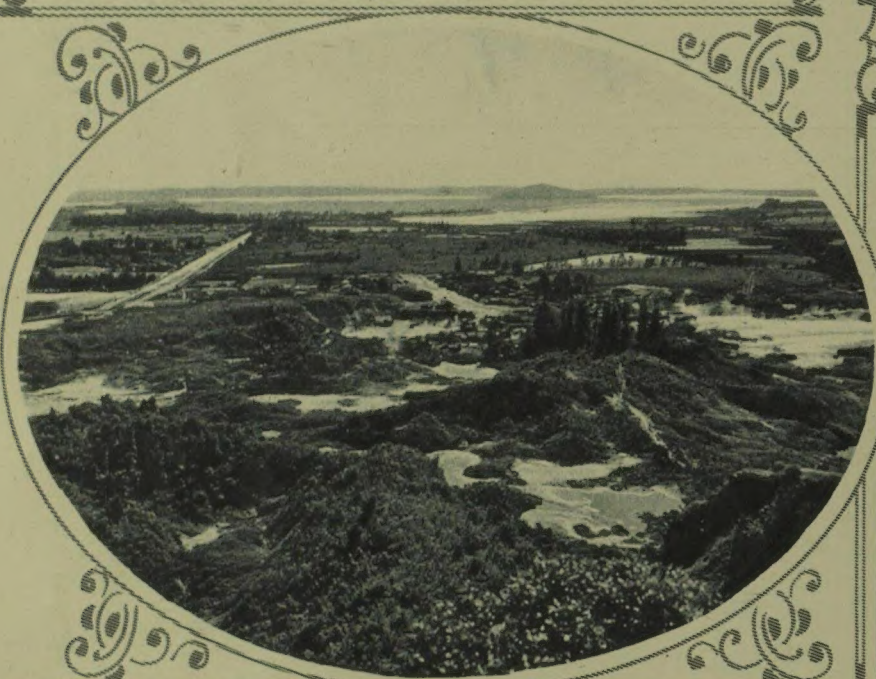
THE "YORK" TOUR IN NEW ZEALAND: SCENES OF THE ROYAL VISIT.



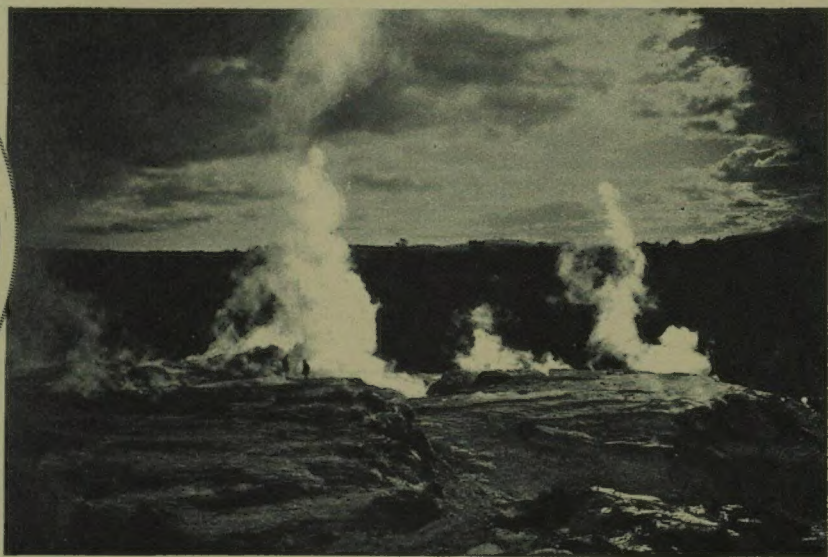
NAPIER, ON HAWKE'S BAY: A POPULAR NORTH ISLAND SEASIDE RESORT WHICH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK ARRANGED TO VISIT ON MARCH 4.



THE CAPITAL OF NEW ZEALAND, WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS ARE DUE TO ARRIVE ON MARCH 5: WELLINGTON, AND ITS HILL-GIRT HARBOUR.



WHERE 3000 MAORIS GATHERED TO GREET THE DUKE AND DUCHESS A GENERAL VIEW OF ROTORUA AND WHAKAREWAREWA, NORTH ISLAND, WITH THE HOT SPRINGS, AND LAKE ROTORUA (BACKGROUND).



A CLOSE VIEW OF THE HOT SPRINGS NEAR ROTORUA: ROCKS FROM WHICH THE ROYAL VISITORS WOULD SEE THE POHUTU GEYSER.



THE LARGEST WOODEN BUILDING IN NEW ZEALAND: THE GOVERNMENT OFFICES AT WELLINGTON, OPPOSITE THE OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE SEEN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH.



NEW ZEALAND'S ADMINISTRATIVE CENTRE, AT WELLINGTON: (LEFT TO RIGHT), THE OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE, THE FIRST BLOCK OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, AND THE PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARY.

The "Renown," with the Duke and Duchess of York on board, entered Auckland's magnificent harbour on February 22, and they received an enthusiastic welcome when they came ashore. After two days in Auckland, the ship took them to Russell, in the Bay of Islands, the centre for deep-sea fishing (illustrated on page 387). Their itinerary then provided that, after returning to Auckland, they should visit Rotorua (where thousands of Maoris had encamped, rehearsing war songs and dances), the famous hot springs, and Lake Taupo. There the finest trout-fishing in the world is to be had, and it is said that a fish can be caught in one pool and cooked in the next. From Taupo they were to motor across the Tongariro National Park, and through the chief centres of North Island to

Wellington, the Dominion capital, where they will stay from March 5 to 8. They will then cross to South Island, visiting first Picton and Ship Cove, Captain Cook's anchorage, whence they will motor to the cathedral city of Nelson, through the Buller Gorge to Hokitika, and across the Southern Alps to Christchurch. Afterwards they will visit the Lake District of Otago, and will leave for Australia on March 22. It is only eighty-six years since the site of Auckland, now a fine city with a population of 150,000, was bought from Maori owners for "£56 in money, 20 tomahawks, 50 blankets, 20 pairs of trousers, 20 shirts, 10 waistcoats, 10 caps, 4 casks of tobacco, 1 box of pipes, 100 yards of gown pieces, 10 iron pots, 1 bag of sugar, and one bag of flour."

WHERE THE DUKE OF YORK CAUGHT A SHARK: RUSSELL; TYPICAL NEW ZEALAND CATCHES.



1. WHERE THE DUKE OF YORK STARTED FOR HIS BIG-GAME FISHING TRIP, DURING WHICH HE CAUGHT A SHARK: RUSSELL, ON THE BAY OF ISLANDS, THE EARLY "CAPITAL" OF NEW ZEALAND.



2. FITTED WITH SWIVEL-SEATS FOR HUNTING SHARKS: A RUSSELL FISHING-LAUNCH, DESCRIBED AS POSSIBLY SELECTED FOR THE DUKE'S USE.



3. THE HOME OF THE FIRST BRITISH RESIDENT IN NEW ZEALAND: JAMES BUSBY'S HOUSE, NEAR THE BAY OF ISLANDS, WHICH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS ARRANGED TO VISIT.



4. TYPICAL OF THE BIG-GAME FISH THE DUKE OF YORK SOUGHT IN NEW ZEALAND WATERS: TWO MAKO SHARKS AND A SWORD-FISH (IN CENTRE) CAUGHT WITH ROD AND LINE.



5. CAUGHT IN THE BAY OF ISLANDS, WHERE THE DUKE OF YORK RECENTLY WENT FOR DEEP-SEA FISHING: TWO HUGE SWORD-FISH AND A HAMMER-HEAD SHARK.

The Duke and Duchess of York left Auckland in the "Renown," on the evening of February 23, for a visit to Russell, in the Bay of Islands, near the northern end of North Island for big-game fishing. The Duke landed a 150-lb. shark, and the Duchess caught 17 schnapper and 3 kakawai. Russell is an old town in which the first white man's government in New Zealand was established, and can thus claim to be the first capital. A note on illustration No. 5 says: "This photograph was taken recently at Deep Water Cove, Bay of Islands, on the north-east coast of Auckland Province, North Island, and shows a well-known

Russell launchman with two huge sword-fish and a hammer-head shark. Within the last few years the magnificent sport obtainable in North Island waters has commenced to attract deep-sea anglers from all parts of the world. At present Russell, on the Bay of Islands, and Mayor Island, in the Bay of Plenty, are the two principal centres, but the opinion is widely held that anglers would be equally successful at many spots along the coast from the Bay of Islands to East Cape. Great Barrier Island in the Hauraki Gulf and Mercury Bay on the eastern side of Coromandel Peninsula are said to be among the likely places."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

GEORGE ELIOT ON THE STAGE.—ELSA LANCHESTER.

OF all the great Victorian novelists, George Eliot was the least adaptable to the stage, and the efforts to dramatise her work have been few and far between, and ephemeral. Neither did Dickens and Thackeray lend themselves well to the process; but some, at any rate, of the former's books have had a certain vogue in melodrama; and we owe to Cosmo Gordon Lennox a passable play of "Vanity Fair," and to Michael Morton a very clever version of "The Newcomes," in which Tree at the time made a signal success. But no one remembers any Eliot play worth speaking of; and if I mention "Adam Bede," I frankly admit that I have a faint recollection of a very crude affair produced some thirty years ago at one of the theatres across the bridges, I think the old Surrey. Now, after a long interval, and by way of a curiosity, has come an adaptation of "Daniel Deronda," by Mesdames Lydia Lewisohn and Lily Tobias, which fairly presses the substance of the book into dramatic form. It is not a well-made play in the ordinary sense of the word. It is episodic, and the coherence is not always easily followed by those who have forgotten the novel. On me it made the impression of a collection of old prints relating to a period and to certain families. It was as if I took up an early volume of our *Illustrated London News* and refreshed, in old wood-cuts, phases of past history—sometimes vivid, sometimes artificial, because the craft of those days was mechanical and far away from realism.

In saying this, I would not belittle the efforts of the adapters. They have tried to be faithful to the original, and some of the scenes have a certain poignancy because they reconstruct the period—the artificiality of manner and parlance—with some felicity. And in one respect this play has a particular value, in that it demonstrates George Eliot's penetration of the Jewish question, and prophetically forecasts that Zionism which latterly has become a reality. It is not so much in the figure of Daniel, proud in the discovery of his origin, that lies the crux of the drama. It lies in the characterisation of Mordecai, the moribund idealist, who in his day-dreams sees a Jewish realm making for universal brotherhood—a distant vista of that Palestine which has now become a State under British protection where Jewry shall flourish and thrive beyond persecution and racial hatred. Mordecai, a Messiah, as it were, in modern conception, is the incarnation of all that is great and noble in his race. His words, beautifully phrased by George Eliot, ring like psalms: they proclaim a message; they embody the doctrines of hope, faith, and, above all, charity and toleration. They urge the claims of the Jews as the Chosen Race; and, in pleading for the sanctity of the family, they exhort his brethren thus to bring up their children that a "deliverer" may spring up from them. For the sake of this figure alone the play deserves to be heard—it overshadows the rest of the story, which, frankly, is of slight account. For in Mordecai George Eliot has created a dramatic figure that, like Lessing's Nathan, holds up to Jew and Gentile alike the true spirit of Christianity.

You remember Elsa Lanchester as a quaint person—something like a lanky marionette with limbs and frame run on wires. You remember her dancing unlike anybody

else—something strange, humorous, almost *macabre*. You remember also a voice—nowise of a *prima-donna*, but eccentric, strident; some of her notes pierce the atmosphere like an arrow. A Shockheaded

Peter she is, with remarkable features: eyes like electric globes in glow, a *retroussé* nose, a sensitive mouth, almost a rosebud bursting into flower. If you look long enough, you discover a touch of Greuze: there dwells romance and eeriness in her countenance. Yet Chelsea is written all over her—over Elsa Lanchester of revue.

Latterly she has acted in a play—"The Pool," a story of sordid riverside London. Here she was the typical "Arriet"; the vamp of the netherworld; a "tart," as they dubbed her; most men's quarry, some man's ideal. A wild, passionate creature, amoral in the true sense of the word, yet deep down a woman with a heart, and one who would carve out her own life, perhaps raise it from the slough, if she were but given a chance. The man who, taking advantage of a carousal, makes her a mother she loathes and detests. Had that child lived, she would have brought it up for vengeance. The man whom she loved had got married while she was having her baby somewhere in the country. So she accepted the third man, a prize-fighter who had stood up for her reputation: she would be safe in his keeping. But she warned him! She would remain herself—a free agent, despite the marriage vows.

It was a character of great complexity. Exaggeration would make it grotesque or melodramatic. Elsa Lanchester made it simply human. Her very technical inexperience, sometimes leading to *gaucheries* which a seasoned actress would avoid as too obvious, added sap and colour to her performance. She acts from within—just as she feels. Hence sudden impulses, jerked out; hence brusque *élans* as from an animal unleashed; hence pathos so intense that her whole being winces and writhes, that a real tear dims the lustrous eyes. She is never theatrical—even if the situation savours of it; she is seemingly not on the stage—she is in the midst of life, its turmoil and its cross-currents. For aught we feel, she may have created the dialogue off her own bat, for the words rush from her lips as if coined impromptu. She is a personality sometimes reminiscent of Polaire—not of the Variétés, but Polaire the *tragédienne* of bourgeois life, the one who raised the vulgar to fine art. For that is what strikes me most in the budding gifts of Elsa Lanchester: she lets a refined soul transpire through her lowly manner and speech. The mud in "The Pool" is on the surface—the girl is a gutter-snipe, almost something worse; yet there is pride in her, and such feeling as, in different surroundings and chastened by education, would reveal all the finest qualities of womanhood.

It is this innate distinction of perception which renders Miss Lanchester so interesting a newcomer, and so promising a one. If she remains unspoilt, if a producer of artistic insight could have her under the sway of his moulding hand, he could make a great actress of her. Among the younger players, I know no one so richly and so peculiarly endowed, no one who has so fervent and, as yet, so unfathomed a temperament. A little prophecy is a dangerous thing, but to me it seems written in the stars that great things may be expected of Elsa Lanchester.



THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF "CARMEN" AS PORTRAYED IN THE FILM VERSION AT THE CAPITOL THEATRE: AN INTERIOR SCENE OF AN OLD SPANISH KITCHEN, WITH THE GIPSY HEROINE (MLLE. RAQUEL MELLER) IN THE BACKGROUND.



"CARMEN" ON THE FILMS: A QUARREL BETWEEN THE BEAUTIFUL GIPSY, CARMEN (MLLE. RAQUEL MELLER), AND HER LOVER, DON JOSE (MR. LOUIS LERCH) IN THE PICTURE AT THE CAPITOL THEATRE.

The film version of "Carmen," adapted from the famous story by Prosper Mérimée, was due for production at the Capitol Theatre, by Wardour Films, Ltd., on February 28. The Spanish setting is highly picturesque, and the scenes of violence and passionate love-making are vividly portrayed. Besides various personal encounters, there is a realistic representation of a bull-fight.

A DRAMA OF PRE-WAR MOSCOW: "THE GREATER LOVE," AT THE PRINCE'S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERTRAM PARK.



THE OFFICER ON SEARCH DUTY MAKES UNWELCOME LOVE: TZALOFF (MR. BASIL GILL) AND NADESHDA (MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE).



LOVE OR DUTY? COL. TZALOFF (STANDING) ABOUT TO SACRIFICE HIS CAREER FOR NADESHDA BEFORE THE GOVERNOR IN THE KREMLIN—(L. TO R.) COL. SCHULTZ (MR. L. T. CASSON), GEN. MARKELOFF (MR. C. LAUGHTON), COL. ALMAZOFF (MR. D. DEANE).



"THE GREATER LOVE" FOUND AT LAST: NADESHDA COMES TO SHARE COL. TZALOFF'S EXILE IN SIBERIA.



NADESHDA FINDS HER FIANCÉ (DRUGGED IN HIS DRINK) INCAPABLE OF DUTY, AND DECIDES TO TAKE HIS PAPERS TO THE KREMLIN HERSELF, TO SAVE HIM FROM DISGRACE: CAPT. KAULBACH (MR. HENRY HEWITT).



ARRIVED AT THE KREMLIN, NADESHDA IS STARTLED TO FIND TZALOFF DEPUTISING FOR THE GOVERNOR, WHO HAD ABSENTED HIMSELF FROM FEAR OF ASSASSINATION: THE MOMENT BEFORE THE INTERVIEW.



COL. TZALOFF OFFERS NADESHDA REFRESHMENT: A STAGE OF THE INTERVIEW BEFORE HIS DISCOVERY OF A DOCUMENT INCRIMINATING HER FATHER WHICH SHE HAS UNWITTINGLY HANDED OVER AMONG CAPT. KAULBACH'S PAPERS.



NADESHDA'S FATHER, COUNT PESTOFF (MR. GEORGE BEALBY), REFUSES MONEY TO HIS SON, VASSILI (MR. COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON) FOR HIS DEBT TO TZALOFF, WHEREUPON VASSILI SELLS THE INCRIMINATING DOCUMENT.

Mr. J. B. Fagan's new play at the Prince's Theatre, "The Greater Love," is a romantic drama of passion and revolutionary intrigue in Russia nine years before the Great War. Count Pestoff, of Moscow, is under suspicion (not unfounded) as a revolutionary, and Colonel Tzaloff, an officer of an ostensibly brutal and truculent type, is sent to search his house. During the search, the Colonel talks to Nadeshda, the Count's daughter, and, coming across her rubies, tells her they looked much nicer when he last saw them—on her neck. Nadeshda, however, scorns his advances, especially as she is engaged to another officer, Captain Kaulbach. Meanwhile her brother, Vassili, has contracted a gambling debt to Colonel Tzaloff, and

sells a document incriminating his father in a plot. Vassili asks Kaulbach to take it to the Kremlin, but the Count, suspecting trouble, has Kaulbach drugged. Nadeshda finds Kaulbach apparently drunk, and unable to keep his appointment with the Governor, so, unaware of the incriminating document, she takes the papers to the Kremlin herself. There she is startled to find Tzaloff in the Governor's seat, but hands over the papers. Tzaloff, discovering the document, extracts from her a promise to yield to him as the price of his silence. He burns it, but the authorities discover the plot. Tzaloff confesses, and is exiled to Siberia, whither Nadeshda follows him, accepting at last his "greater love."

THE HOME OF FLEMISH ART PORTRAYED BY ITS OWN

PLAN OF BRUGES REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM "BRUGES



1. AN OLD BRUGES HOUSE (EXTANT) CALLED "THE COCK," IN 1551. A VIEW IN POURBUS'S PORTRAIT OF ADRIANE FERNAGUT—SHOWING ST. JOHN'S, WHERE CAXTON WORSHIPPED.



2. THE OLD WOODEN BRIDGE OVER THE MINNEWATER AT BRUGES. A DETAIL FROM MEMLING'S FIFTEENTH-CENTURY PORTRAIT OF MARTIN VAN NIEUWENHOVEN, PART OF A DIPTYCH.



3. THE CRANE—A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MACHINE FOR UNLOADING BARGES AT BRUGES. A VERY INTERESTING BACKGROUND VIEW IN PIETER POURBUS'S PORTRAIT OF JEAN FERNAGUT (1551).

"The Exhibition of Flemish Art at Burlington House," writes Mr. Malcolm Lettis, "contains a number of fifteenth and sixteenth century pictures by Bruges artists, and it is interesting and instructive to see the extent to which some of them at least were influenced by the architecture of the beautiful town of their birth or adoption. The Belfry, the tower of Notre Dame, the Crane, and the Minnewater, that lovely stretch of water with its unrivalled views of Bruges and its air of untroubled peace, seen always to have been present in their minds. Was a background necessary for some gentle Virgin and Child, a Madonna in a garden or by a fountain, one or other of these familiar scenes would slip naturally into the picture. Memling's portrait of Martin van Nieuwenhoven (No. 6)—reproduced in *Illustrated London News* of Dec. 2.



4. "ONE OF THE FINEST FIFTEENTH-CENTURY VIEWS OF BRUGES IN EXISTENCE." THE BACKGROUND OF "THE MADONNA OF THE ROSE GARDEN" (SEEN COMPLETE IN NO. 6), SHOWING THE FAMOUS BELFRY IN ITS EARLIER FORM, NOTRE DAME, AND THE PALACE OF GRUTHUYS (MADE EARL OF WINCHESTER) WHERE EDWARD IV. OF ENGLAND LIVED IN EXILE.



5. THE WEST SIDE OF THE GRAND PLACE AT BRUGES, WITH A MEDIEVAL TOURNAMENT: A PLATE FROM THE FAMOUS "GOLF BOOK" IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, PROBABLY SHOWING (LEFT) THE MAISON BOUCOUTE (EXTANT).

section of the town is seen with its walls, gates, and towers, and swans gliding upon the peaceful waters of the moats. Above the walls rises the Belfry, a particularly valuable representation, because it shows the tower in its earlier form with two quadrangular storeys only, the beautiful octagonal lantern, which is one of its glories to-day, not having been added until 1483-7, a fact which, of course, helps to date the picture. Next comes Notre Dame itself with its magnificent tower and spire; on the extreme left is the graceful little tower of the Poorsters Logie, or meeting-place of the burghers, which has been restored, but still survives in the Rue Flamande; and in the foreground of the picture are the familiar brick houses with their strong vertical lines and steep gables. Between

(Continued in *Illustrated London News* of Dec. 2.)



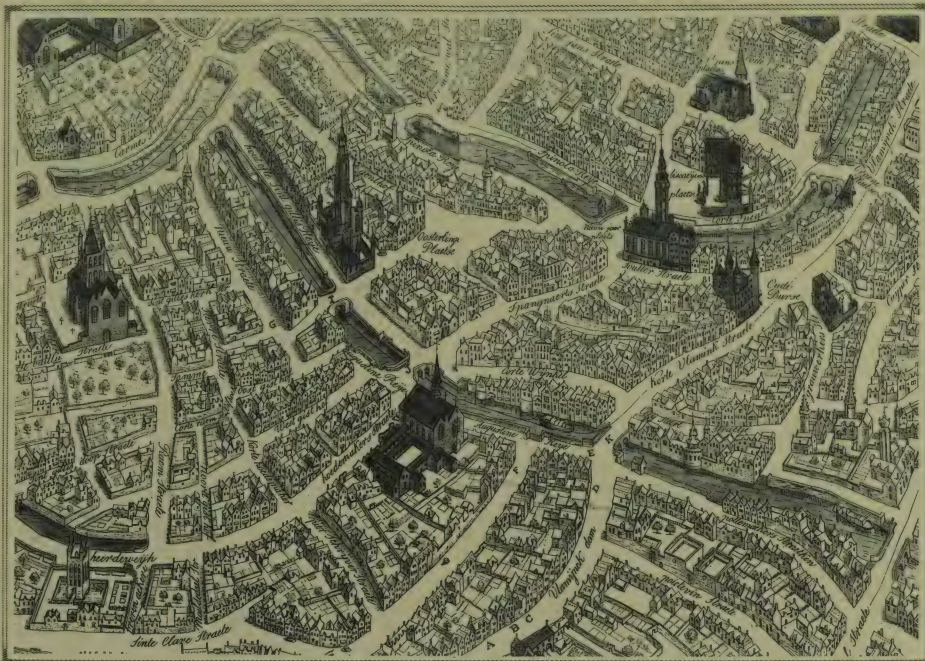
6. THE EARLIEST S.E. VIEW OF THE CHURCH OF ST. DONATIAN (DESTROYED IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION): A RECORD OF OLD BRUGES IN THE "STORA BOOK OF HOURS" IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

duced in "The Illustrated London News" of January 6) has a charming view, in the right-hand corner, of what must be the bridge over the Minnewater. We see through an open window the wooden bridge flanked by two towers, one of which is only just visible against the window frame. The wooden bridge is now supplanted by a stone bridge, and only one tower survives. In the picture we seem to be looking away from the town towards what is now the Chent Canal, but this unexpected glimpse of old Bruges in the fifteenth century ought not to be overlooked. The surprise of the Exhibition, however, is "The Madonna of the Rose Garden" (No. 75), lent by the Institute of Fine Arts, Detroit, U.S.A. Here we have one of the finest fifteenth-century views of Bruges in existence. A whole

(Continued in *Illustrated London News* of Dec. 2.)

GREAT MASTERS: NEW LIGHT ON OLD-WORLD BRUGES.

AND ITS PAST," BY MALCOLM LETTIS. SECOND EDITION, 1926.



7. BRUGES AS IT WAS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, SHOWING THE HOMES (LETTERED AS BELOW) OF CELEBRATED OLD MASTERS—JAN VAN EYCK, POURBUS, MEMLING, BLONDEEL, DAVID, AND CLAESSENS: PART OF A PICTORIAL PLAN OF THE CITY DRAWN BY MARC GHEERAERTS IN 1922.

THE LETTERS INDICATE HOMES OCCUPIED BY THE FOLLOWING FAMOUS PAINTERS—(A) L. BLONDEEL; (B) AND (C) JANS MEMLING; (D) GERARD DAVID; (E) A. CLAESSENS.

Notre Dame and the Poorsters Logie rises the tower of Gruuthuys, one of the few burgher palaces still left in Bruges, where, as the guest of its owner, Louis of Gruuthuys, Edward IV. held his court, albeit a very modest one, during his exile from England in 1470-71. This glimpse of the Gruuthuys town house, together with the view of the Gruuthuys country mansion in the background to the delightful miniature by Cornelia Cnoop (No. 662), serves to remind us that its distinguished owner was privileged to enter the ranks of our nobility. In return for the hospitality shown to the exiled English King, he was created Earl of Winchester in 1472. It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of this detailed picture of Bruges at a time when the town was still the great mart of Northern Europe, although just past the great days of its prosperity. In Gallery V. (Nos. 250 and 252) we have two portraits by Pieter Pourbus, both of which contain Bruges views of the sixteenth century. The first shows us the Crane, a huge contrivance for lifting casks and heavy goods from the barges, of which the townpeople were extremely proud. The second presents us with a charming picture of the house known as "The Cock," which, although much restored, still stands opposite the existing theatre, a typical example of Bruges architecture at its best. The house-front is gaily decorated with casks and hens, and in the distance is the little church of St. John, which has a special interest for us, since here the English merchants (among them Caxton) gathered to worship. This church seems to have had a special fascination for Bruges painters. We see it in Memling's great

(Continued in *Illustrated London News* of Dec. 2.)



8. WITH BRUGES IN THE BACKGROUND (SEE NO. 4), SHOWING THE BELFRY WITHOUT THE LANTERN ADDED IN 1483-7: "THE MADONNA OF THE ROSE GARDEN," WITH SAINTS CATHERINE, BARBARA, URSULA, AND CECILIA," BY THE MASTER OF THE ST. LUCY LEGEND.

THE LETTERS INDICATE—(F) HOUSE OF PIETER POURBUS; (G) HOUSE OF JAN VAN EYCK; (H) FOUNTAIN OF LA TOUR; (I) FOUNTAIN OF LA TOUR; (J) FOUNTAIN OF LA TOUR.

Triptych at St. John's Hospital, and Gerard David, in his picture of the Unjust Judge, shows the spire reflected in the helmet of a soldier in the foreground of the picture. If we turn to the exhibition of miniatures at the British Museum, another surprise is in store for us, for one of the pages from the 'Stora Book of Hours' (Case B, No. 16) presents a magnificent view of the great church of St. Donatian at Bruges seen from the S.E. with every detail as clear and distinct as an architect's drawing. As far as we know at present, this is the earliest view in existence showing the church from this point of view. This famous shrine, which witnessed so many triumphs and tragedies in the history of Bruges, where Charles the Good was murdered in 1127, and where rulers and townpeople worshipped and were laid to rest, was first dedicated and then destroyed during the French Revolution. I am indebted to M. Vierendeel, Eschevin of Public Works at Bruges (who came to London with a deputation to see the pictures and miniatures), for pointing out to me the importance of this discovery. Case D at the British Museum, which contains the famous 'Golf Book,' shows us (Plate No. 5) a striking picture of what seems to me to be clearly the west side of the Grand Place at Bruges. A tournament is in progress. If I am right, the great house with turreted roof is a free representation of the Maison Boucoute, which still exists. It flanks the Rue Armand, and the house on the other side of the street would be the Cransburg, now rebuilt, where the Archduke Maximilian was imprisoned. The miniature, which is attributed to the famous illuminator Simon Bening and his pupils, was clearly executed at Bruges."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

POINTS about books that I

am reviewing sometimes crop up in the most unexpected quarters. The other day I happened to be reading, in the Law Reports, a case heard before the Lord Chief Justice, during which he loosed some winged shafts of judicial humour, mingled with literary allusion. At a certain point in the evidence, Lord Hewart remarked: "One is reminded that at the sale of Mrs. Thrale's brewery Dr. Johnson observed: 'You are not selling vats, but potentialities beyond the dreams of avarice.'" Dr. Johnson evidently had the makings of a Frothblower, but I was interested in the quotation not so much from that point of view as because I had just been reading "THE LETTERS OF MRS. THRALE," Selected, with an Introduction, by R. Brimley Johnson (Lane; 6s.). The author quotes the same dictum, in slightly different terms, in referring to the demise of Thrale the brewer, who succumbed to apoplexy in 1781, and to Dr. Johnson's "disposition to absolute tyranny" in helping the widow to settle her affairs. "It was her energy and shrewdness," we read, "that saved Thrale from bankruptcy, and secured a fair price for . . . the goodwill of the brewhouse."

Mrs. Thrale was one of the liveliest and most human of the Blue-Stockings, and Mr. Brimley Johnson has done well, in this admirable edition of her sprightly letters, to defend her against "the jealousy of Boswell"; against charges of "vulgarity," because she thought books should be written in colloquial language; and against the snobbery that frowned on her second marriage to "an Italian fiddler." Both her matrimonial ventures had elements of incongruity. While the worthy brewer tinged the fragrance of bohea with a *soupeon* of malt and hops, the hapless Piozzi staggered the conventions by being "a Papist, a foreigner, and a public performer."

How devastating was the bomb which the brewer's widow cast among her friends, in the announcement of her second espousal, appears from the fact that even the "sweet Burney," to whom so many affectionate letters are addressed, recoiled from her in horror. On the last letter received from her as Mrs. Thrale, Fanny Burney (after she herself had become Madame d'Arblay) endorsed these words: "Many letters of subsequent date . . . I have utterly destroyed . . . I would only preserve such as evince her conflicts, her misery, and her sufferings, mental and corporeal, to exonerate her from the banal reproach of yielding unresisting to her passions."

Madame d'Arblay of the voluminous memoirs, who lived to be eighty-eight, was, I think, rather a different person from Dr. Johnson's "little Burney" who had helped to enliven Mrs. Thrale's parties at Streatham. A phase in her metamorphosis is suggested in a chapter of "THE LADIES: A SHINING CONSTELLATION OF WIT AND BEAUTY," by E. Barrington. Illustrated with Portraits (Benn; 10s. 6d.). This charming book contains seven studies in biography touched with imagination. Around hints and clues of fact Mrs. Adams Beck (the author's real name) has woven a fabric of semi-fictional romance, with the same skill as in "The Exquisite Perdita" and kindred books. She pictures Mrs. Pepys penetrating the secret of her vagrant Samuel's cipher and suffering disillusion; the showing-up of Jonathan Swift by a meeting between Stella and Vanessa; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu driven into self-imposed exile by a scapegrace son's *mésalliance*; the true character of the beautiful Elizabeth Gunning, with the tragedy of her sister's complexion; the social climbing of Maria Walpole; a veiled *affaire de cœur* causing Fanny Burney to resign her Court appointment; and a "re-introduction" to some characters in Jane Austen.

The gem of the book, I think, is the encounter between Fanny and Mrs. Piozzi (ex-Thrale) in the Long Walk at Windsor. In a heart-to-heart talk the "sweet Burney" hears some home truths from her ostracised friend. "The day may come," says Mrs. Piozzi, "when you yourself may fall back on a foreigner and a Roman Catholic, and, if so, may be as good as mine." Whereupon an imaginary Maid of Honour, who saw the fur fly, comments: "I thought of this later when Miss Burney married M. D'Arblay, a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic. . . . Would that I could have heard Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi's views on this circumstance."

About this time, as the biographers say, the smouldering fires of that *odium theologicum*, exemplified in Mrs. Piozzi's social banishment, were kindled by Lord George Gordon, as President of the Protestant Association opposing the Catholic Relief Act, and flared into a public conflagration—

When the rude rabble's watchword was—destroy,
And blazing London seem'd a second Troy.

The story is ably and impartially told in "THE GORDON RIOTS," by J. Paul de Castro. With numerous illustrations from contemporary sources (Oxford University Press; 18s.), a book which, in my opinion, is a model of episodic history. Hitherto the popular *locus classicus* for the subject has been a lurid chapter of Dickens, but, in the words of a quotation in the preface: "*Barnaby Rudge* is no more a complete narrative of the events . . . than *Hudibras* is a history of the civil wars." Mr. de Castro has sifted with scholarly care many documents in the Record Office and the War Office, and collections of letters and diaries, including those of Susan Burney and William Hickey. The prediction of Mrs. Montagu, "Queen of the Blue-Stockings," that "Posterity will know more of this affair than we," is borne out by the results of the author's researches.

Among other things, Mr. de Castro shows that the riots were partly due to the mismanagement of the war against the American rebellion, and that their real lesson was the necessity for reorganising the police. As a consequence, "there has been slowly evolved," he concludes, "that magnificent force . . . whose vigilance and training preclude the possibility of a repetition of the enormities

family" dining with Albany

Wallis (Garrick's solicitor) in Norfolk Street, and laughing incredulously at rumours of civil commotion.

Sheridan's romantic elopement and marriage with Elizabeth Linley, and his two duels with a rival admirer, the second of which nearly lost us "The School for Scandal," are recorded in "THE LINLEYS OF BATH." By Clementina Black. With an Introduction by George Saintsbury. Illustrated. (Secker; 15s.), a revised edition of a very interesting eighteenth-century family chronicle. "As this excellent book," writes Professor Saintsbury, "has gone out of print, and its author is not alive to represent it, the best thing possible is that it should be presented by somebody else." A noteworthy reminiscence to-day is that of Elizabeth Linley, who had a beautiful voice, singing in the chapel of the now forsaken Foundling Hospital, and in oratorio at Drury Lane, under Sheridan's management, shortly before their wedding at Marylebone Church. This recalls a gibe about Sheridan in one of Mrs. Thrale's letters: "That fellow grows fat, like Heliogabalus, upon the tongues of nightingales."

I had thought to find in Miss Black's book some allusions to the heroine of "The Exquisite Perdita," for in that novel Mrs. Sheridan and her sister have much converse with the fair actress (Mrs. Robinson) who charmed the Prince Regent. Concerning a still more famous charmer of the great, however, there is this curious record. "Mrs. Linley had as a servant, at that time, a beautiful, illiterate young girl called Emma Hart, who in later years was destined to be known as Lady Hamilton. She helped to nurse Samuel (Elizabeth's sailor brother), and waited on him with assiduous attention, but when the end came she could no longer endure to remain in the house. . . . Young Angelo saw her lingering about the streets of Soho. . . . The death of Samuel Linley was thus the turning-point of her strange career."

Bath and its healing waters, so decried (as then utilised) in "Humphrey Clinker," form the *locale* of several phases in "THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT (1721-77)." By Lewis Melville. Illustrated (Faber and Gwyer; 12s. 6d.). Smollett at one time practised as a doctor at Bath, and revisited it in after life, but I cannot trace any links with the Linleys or Sheridan. Although much has been written about Smollett, there has been no recent full-length portrait, so that a new critical estimate from the modern standpoint is distinctly welcome. Mr. Melville does not claim any fresh discoveries, but he has made an independent study of the existing material, with many subsidiary sources, and has produced a sound and sympathetic biography. He quotes Hazlitt's comparison of Smollett and Fielding, wherein Smollett is allowed more humour, but Fielding is pronounced the greater novelist for his insight into character.

Smollett did not find favour with the Blue-Stockings, apparently, to judge from a letter of Mrs. Thrale's to Dr. Johnson, in which, alluding to her brewer husband's recovery at Bath from illness and depression, she says: "He scorns the *black dog* now: he will swing him round and round soon as Smollett's heroes do, who in every alliterated novel, 'Roderick Random' or 'Peregrine Pickle,' are always employed by their author to kill a dog, when he means that they should strike the reader's fancy, and win his heart with their prowess. That man hated dogs, I imagine, and certainly understood little about them, for he talks of a spaniel, *Sweetlips*, which is not a spaniel's name, but a hound's; she is so called from the music of her tongue in the chase."

Another passing allusion to Smollett, classing him with Fielding, Vanbrugh, and Molière as literary parallels to the art of Hogarth, occurs in "NEW WRITINGS BY WILLIAM HAZLITT." Second Series. Collected by P. P. Howe (Secker; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Howe has been a busy gleaner of Hazlitt's uncollected and unidentified articles, and deserves gratitude for enlarging the canon of that most salutary critic. The rescued pieces include a prospectus of "A History of English Philosophy," a review of Mme. de Staël's "De L'Allemagne," an essay on "A Modern Tory," and many dramatic critiques—among them one on Byron's "Marino Faliero." Especially interesting to a modern playgoer are Hazlitt's notices on a revival of "The Beggar's Opera" in 1817, at Drury Lane, and on "The Beaux' Stratagem," which he calls "the best of Farquhar's comedies, and undoubtedly one of the best comedies in the English language." Hazlitt, by the way, edited the "Memoirs of Thomas Holcroft," one of Mr. de Castro's sources for "The Gordon Riots." Holcroft saw the burning of Newgate.

C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Ethnology are of equal value. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in both these branches of Science. Few people visiting the less-known parts of the globe fail to equip themselves with cameras, and these, in particular, we wish to inform that we are glad to consider any photographs—not only those which deal with subjects of current interest, but also those which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive, also, photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

It is well known that "The Illustrated London News" treats all branches of Science in a more extensive way than any other illustrated weekly. Therefore, we urge our readers to send us not only sketches and photographs of important events throughout the globe, but also any photographs of scientific or artistic interest.

We welcome and pay well for all outside contributions published by us, and, in the event of any such contributions not being found suitable for "The Illustrated London News," we will, at the request of the sender, place such contributions in the hands of a reputable distributing agency in order that they may have a chance of being placed elsewhere.

of 1780." Thus we owe it to the Gordon Riots that last year's General Strike was a comparative "joy ride," and to-day the Prayer Book controversy will scarcely afford "the populace," innocent of doctrinal convictions, a glorious excuse for "bawling, hustling, and smashing."

The "lighter self" of the populace that "likes beer" also acted up to Matthew Arnold's definition, and naturally one of its objectives was Thrale's brewhouse. "Mrs. Thrale's own pen," says Mr. de Castro, "discloses a hazardous situation: 'We were near to ruin in the Borough, where nothing but the astonishing presence of mind shewed by Perkins in amusing the mob with meat and drink and huzzas till Sir Philip Jenkins Clerke could get the troops . . . could have saved us.' In a later letter given in Mr. Brimley Johnson's book, written to Fanny Burney from "Brighthelmstone," she remarks: 'Lord George Gordon is to be liberated upon bail, his quality brethren tell me.'

Glimpses of other celebrities involved in the uproar occur in Mr. de Castro's pages—Crabbe seeing Lord Sandwich mobbed in his carriage, and Lord George Gordon's coach drawn by rioters; Burke drawing his sword against a rabble; Blake engulfed in the crowd attacking Newgate; Dr. Johnson indignant at the glowing ruins of the prison; Dr. Burney saving his house from damage by huzzaing to the mob from a window; Sheridan and "the Linley

Portraiture in the Flemish Exhibition: a Van der Weyden.

BY COURTESY OF THE "APOLLO" MAGAZINE.



"A PORTRAIT OF A LADY," BY ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN.

Roger Van der Weyden was born at Tournai in 1400, and by 1436 had become Painter-in-ordinary to the city of Brussels, where he died in 1464. Unlike many painters, he was a man of independent means. He owned a house in Brussels which remained in his family down to 1511, and he endowed a monastery at Hérinnes. In 1449 he visited Italy, and painted

several pictures for Cosimo de' Medici, but he was not much influenced by the Italian school, and on his return to Flanders he carried out many commissions in the same style as before. He never signed or dated any of his pictures. The above portrait was lent to the Exhibition of Belgian and Flemish Art by the Hon. Andrew W. Mellon, the American statesman.

Masterly Portraiture in the Flemish Exhibition: a Mabuse.

BY COURTESY OF THE "APOLLO" MAGAZINE.



"A KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE," BY MABUSE.

Jan Gossart (or Gossaert), commonly known as Mabuse, was born about 1470 at Maubeuge, and died at Antwerp in 1532. He often signed his pictures "Joannes Malbodius." It has been said that he visited England and worked here for a time, but there is no evidence to that effect. There are two examples of his art in the National Gallery and two at

Hampton Court. In 1508 he went to Italy, and spent a year there, studying the works of Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci. He was the first painter in the Netherlands to introduce the composite style of Italianised Flemish art. The above picture was lent to the Exhibition of Belgian and Flemish Art at the Royal Academy by Sir Joseph Duveen, Bt.

THE MONMOUTHSHIRE COLLIERY DISASTER: HEROIC RESCUE WORK AT CWM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND TOPICAL.



1. THE LONG HOURS OF WAITING TO LEARN THE FATE OF HUSBANDS, SONS, AND BROTHERS: A CROWD OF ANXIOUS RELATIVES AND FRIENDS GATHERED OUTSIDE THE MARINE COLLIERY AT CWM, IN EBBW VALE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, AFTER THE DISASTER IN WHICH IT WAS FEARED FIFTY-ONE MINERS LOST THEIR LIVES.

2. RESCUE WORKERS, WEARING SPECIAL BREATHING APPARATUS, RETURNING FROM A SHIFT IN THE GAS-FILLED PIT: TYPES OF THE PLUCKY MEN WHO STROVE TO SAVE THEIR COMRADES.

3. THE SCENE AT THE PIT HEAD OF THE CWM COLLIERY AFTER THE DISASTER CAUSED BY AN EXPLOSION IN THE MINE: REMOVING SOME OF THE INJURED IN ONE OF THE AMBULANCE VANS—A TYPICAL INCIDENT OF THE HEROIC RESCUE WORK, IN WHICH OFFICIALS AND MINERS CO-OPERATED.

A terrible disaster occurred in the Marine Colliery at Cwm, Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire, in the early hours of March 1. There was an explosion in the pit soon after 1 a.m., when 162 men were working on the night shift, and 62 were in the danger zone. Eleven men were brought out alive, badly gassed, but it was stated at midnight that all hope of saving the other 51 men had been abandoned. As soon as the alarm was given, a rescue party was organised by

the colliery officials, and heroic efforts were made by them and the miners working with them to reach the entombed men. While the rescue work continued, news of the disaster had spread among the villages, and an anxious crowd of relatives, including wives with their babies, collected at the colliery, and remained all day. Doctors and ambulance brigades were in attendance. There had been a fall of roof in the pit, and it was necessary to pump out the gas before the rescuers could approach.

SHANGHAI, THE CENTRE OF WORLD INTEREST: DEFENCES AND SPORT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, AND I.B.



THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER FORCE IN SHANGHAI: A CORPS CONTAINING INFANTRY AND CAVALRY UNITS, AND LATELY STRENGTHENED BY A COMPANY OF FILIPINOS RESIDENT IN THE CITY.



THE TANK CORPS OF THE SHANGHAI VOLUNTEERS ON PARADE: A LINE OF EIGHT TANKS, WITH MACHINE-GUNS MOUNTED IN THEIR TURRETS, READY TO PROTECT THE SETTLEMENT.



THE SOVIET CONSULATE IN SHANGHAI (INSCRIBED WITH THE INITIALS OF THE RUSSIAN SOVIET GOVERNMENT), AND (BEHIND IT) THE ASTOR HOUSE HOTEL, WHERE BRITISH OFFICERS WERE RECENTLY QUARTERED.



A STREET IN SHANGHAI FORMING THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN THE FOREIGN AND THE CHINESE QUARTERS: BARBED WIRE DEFENCES WITH BOMB-SCREENS AND CONCRETE GATE-POSTS, ON THE FOREIGN SIDE.



THE NEAREST APPROACH TO FOX-HUNTING AT SHANGHAI: A "PAPER" HUNT CROSSING ONE OF THE NUMEROUS CANALS THAT INTERSECT THE ADJACENT LOW-LYING COUNTRY, DIFFICULT GROUND FOR A CANTONESE ADVANCE.



A BRITISH ARTILLERY SECTION OF THE SHANGHAI VOLUNTEER CORPS ON PARADE: PART OF A WELL-EQUIPPED FORCE NUMBERING SOME 1500 MEN.



CHINESE VOLUNTEERS AT SHANGHAI WHO CO-OPERATE WITH THE OTHERS: A FORCE MAINTAINED BY CHINESE RESIDENTS IN THE SETTLEMENT.

During the past week the situation in China has shown signs of change. After the defeat of Sun Chuan-fang by the Cantonese near Hangchow, his old rival, Chang Chung-chang, the lord of Shantung, whom he drove out of Shanghai less than two years ago, came to his rescue, and sent 20,000 men across the Yangtze to assist in checking the Cantonese advance towards Shanghai. The two generals arrived in that city together, and Chang Chung-chang, who wishes to stamp out Bolshevism in China, assumed control of the military operations.

The British troops of the Defence Force are very popular in Shanghai, and on February 26 their commander, General Duncan, arrived in the "Megantic," with the 1st Batt. Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment. The officers were quartered in the Astor House Hotel. Next day the "Minnesota" arrived with 1000 British Marines. It was reported that the moderates of the Kuomintang (Nationalists) were chafing at Russian control, and that a compromise had been proposed by the Ankuochun (northern anti-Cantonese) on condition that the south expelled the Russians.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N., PHOTOPRESS, AND THE "TIMES."



THE CAR IN WHICH MAJOR SEGRAVE HOPES TO DO 200-M.P.H. IN FLORIDA AND BREAK THE WORLD'S SPEED RECORD: THE NEW 1000-H.P. SUNBEAM, A RACER OF UNIQUE DESIGN.



FAMOUS ARTISTS AS JUDGES FOR THE DUVEEN PRIZES: (L. TO R.) MESSRS. S. C. KAINES-SMITH, DIRECTOR OF LEEDS ART GALLERY; ROGER FRY, ADRIAN STOKES, R.A., AND PHILIP CONNARD, R.A.



THE GREAT PEACE BRIDGE CONNECTING BUFFALO, U.S.A. (RIGHT) AND FORT ERIE, CANADA: A MEMORIAL TO THE HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND THE DOMINION, TO BE OPENED TO TRAFFIC ON MAY 24, WHEN IT IS HOPED THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRESIDENT COOLIDGE WILL BE PRESENT; AND TO BE DEDICATED IN SEPTEMBER, WHEN THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND IS EXPECTED TO ATTEND A MEETING OF THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION AT BUFFALO.



ACCLAIMED AS "THE MOST IMPORTANT PICTURE PAINTED BY ANY ENGLISH ARTIST DURING THE PRESENT CENTURY": "THE RESURRECTION," BY MR. STANLEY SPENCER, IN HIS EXHIBITION AT THE GOUPIL GALLERY—REPRESENTING THE DEAD RISING FROM GRAVES IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY CHURCHYARD. (18 FT. BY 9 FT.)

Major H. O. D. Segrave, the well-known racing motorist, arranged to sail for the United States in the "Berengaria" on March 2, taking with him the new 1000-h.p. Sunbeam car in which he hopes to attain a speed of 200 miles an hour on Florida beach, and make a new world's record. The car was designed by Mr. Louis Coatalen, and has two engines, each of 500 h.p., one at each end of the chassis.—The first exhibition under Sir Joseph Duveen's scheme for helping British artists is to be held this month at Leeds, and 1800 pictures have been submitted. The judging committee, with Sir William Orpen presiding, met on March 1 at the galleries of Messrs. James Bourlet and Sons.—The great memorial

Peace Bridge between Buffalo and Fort Erie cost about 4,500,000 dollars. We regret that in our issue of January 22 we gave an incorrect photograph purporting to represent this bridge.—Mr. Stanley Spencer's large picture, "The Resurrection," in his exhibition at the Goupil Gallery, has won high praise from the critics. Thus the "Times" says that it is "in all probability . . . the most important picture painted by any English artist during the present century. What makes it so astonishing is the combination of careful detail with modern freedom in the treatment of form. It is as if a Pre-Raphaelite had shaken hands with a Cubist. That it ought to be secured for the nation is quite certain."

A "DIAMOND RUSH" IN SOUTH AFRICA: DIGGERS AND ATHLETES RACING ACROSS COUNTRY TO PEG CLAIMS.

DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT, FROM A SKETCH BY A. H. ELTON. (COPYRIGHTED.)



A SCENE TYPICAL OF THE "DIAMOND RUSH" AT GRASFONTEIN, WHERE A FALSE START WAS ASCRIBED TO RESENTMENT AT THE HIRING OF ATHLETES BY SYNDICATES.

The recent "diamond rush" at Grasfontein Farm in the Lichtenburg district, organised after the discovery of new diamond deposits there, led to an extraordinary scene on February 25. Nearly 100,000 people had assembled on the farm to watch what was expected to be the last big "rush" in South Africa to peg claims. The "field" numbered no fewer than 17,000, including diggers and trained athletes representing diamond syndicates. The start was fixed for noon, but twenty minutes before the time nearly 12,000 men rushed forward with a tremendous roar towards the ground to be claimed, while the other 5000, among whom were some of South Africa's fastest sprinters, remained standing on the line. The force of 200 Mounted Police on duty was unable to control the situation, and, although some of the runners were intercepted and turned back, many others reached the ground and pegged claims. The

proceedings were afterwards invalidated by the Union Government, which proclaimed that the "rush" would take place again on Friday, March 4, when the police force would be adequately increased. Various reasons were given for the false start. A South African official in London is reported to have said: "The experienced diggers protest against the employment of champion sprinters to win the race in the interests of wealthy syndicates. Therefore, knowing that they were no good against cross-country runners and women athletes who have won medals at their Universities, they broke the line, fought the police, got to the diggings first, and staked out their claims." Another account says that some of the waiting runners started a hare or steinbok and chased it, thus causing a general stampede. The above drawing illustrates a similar "diamond rush" last year at Treasure Trove.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.P., L.N.A., C.N.



THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA: THE RIVIERA TEA GARDEN, WHICH IS ONE OF THE SCENIC ATTRACTIONS OF THE SHOW.



AIDING THE FORMATION OF A LIGHT AEROPLANE CLUB FOR NORWICH AND NORFOLK: THE AERIAL PAGEANT AT MOUSEHOLD AERODROME.



"AT SEA" AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: THE GARDEN LOUNGE OF A CUNARD LINER; WITH A FINE VIEW FROM THE DECK—ONE OF MANY ATTRACTIVE "SHOWS" AT OLYMPIA



THE QUEEN OPENS THE NEW RIDDELL WARDS FOR CHILDREN AT THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL, GRAY'S INN ROAD: A LITTLE PATIENT PRESENTS HER MAJESTY WITH A DAFFODIL.



SPINOZA'S BIRTHPLACE BOUGHT BY THE DUTCH GOVERNMENT: THE FAMOUS CARTESIAN PHILOSOPHER'S HOUSE IN AMSTERDAM.



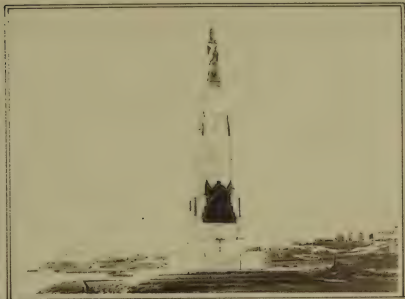
THE KING OF DENMARK (CENTRE) AT WORK IN AN HOTEL VESTIBULE: HIS MAJESTY ATTENDING TO AFFAIRS OF STATE DURING HIS VISIT TO CANNES.

NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

P. AND A., G.P.U., AND S. AND G.



THE WEDDING PRESENT GIVEN TO PRINCESS ASTRID BY THE BELGIAN PEOPLE: A DIADEM OF DIAMONDS BROUGHT FROM THE KATANGA PROVINCE, CONGO.



COMMEMORATING THE BATTLE OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS, ON DEC. 8, 1914: THE MEMORIAL UNVEILED AT PORT STANLEY.



COMRADES OF "LANCE-CORPORAL" THE PRINCE OF WALES: ST. CYR CADETS SEEING SANDHURST CADETS "DISMISSED" AFTER GYMNASIUM INSTRUCTION.



PRESENTED BY LORD TENNYSON FOR PRESERVATION AS A PUBLIC PLEASURE-GROUND: TENNYSON DOWN, ISLE OF WIGHT—SHOWING THE CROSS IN MEMORY OF THE POET LAUREATE.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR AT THE WHITE CITY: THEIR MAJESTIES PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THEIR THREE-HOURS' TOUR OF THE EXHIBITION.



REFORMING THE BULL RING IN SPAIN: A PICADOR'S HORSE WEARING A CUIRASSE DURING A TEST OF "ARMOUR."

The Ideal Home Exhibition organised by the "Daily Mail" was opened on March 1, and is likely to fill Olympia until the closing day, March 26.—The Aerial Pageant at Mousehold Aerodrome was designed to assist the formation of a light aeroplane club for Norwich and Norfolk. Amongst those who attended was Lady Bailey, wife of Sir Abe Bailey, who flew her "Moth" from Stag Lane Aerodrome, Edgware.—The Province of Katanga, whence came the diamonds for the Belgian people's gift to Princess Astrid (now Duchess of Brabant), is a part of the territories of the Belgian Congo.—The Falkland Islands Memorial commemorates the victory of December 8, 1914, when the British squadron commanded by Sir Doveton Sturdee destroyed the German squadron under Count von Spee.—On February 28, the Queen visited the Royal Free Hospital to open the new Riddell Wards for children, which are at the top of the building, and thus give special facilities for sunlight treatment. They take their name from Lord Riddell, the president of the hospital, who is seen in our photograph.—

Twenty-two cadets of the French Military School at St. Cyr arrived in England on February 27 for a week's stay at Sandhurst, where it was arranged that they should take part in Rugby football matches and in fencing bouts. It will be recalled that the Prince of Wales visited the French "Sandhurst" last year, and was given the rank of *anspessade*.—Lord Tennyson has presented Tennyson Down to the National Trust to be preserved as a public pleasure-ground in memory of his father. It covers 155 acres at Farringford, Freshwater.—Spinoza was born at Amsterdam in 1632, and died in 1677. He lived by grinding lenses, and devoted his leisure to philosophy. His Amsterdam home is to be restored and made a Spinoza Museum.—The King and Queen were much interested in the British Industries Fair at the White City, and noted not only the excellence of the Empire exhibits, but the fine craftsmanship of the British workman.—The Spanish Minister of the Interior is having experiments made in order that suitable "armour" may be devised for the protection of horses during bull fights.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, E. AND F., ROUGH, BARRATT, BALMAIN, AND LAFAYETTE.



MR. T. H. S. PASLEY, M.V.O.
(Died, Feb. 25; aged 65.)
Secretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Retired from Navy, as *Shap* Paymaster, 1898. Served in Egypt, 1882-4.



MR. OLIVER HALL, R.A.
Newly elected Royal Academician. Born in 1869. An etcher, and a painter whose water-colours have increased his reputation.



MR. WILLIAM A. BARRON.
(Died, Feb. 26; aged 59.)
Famous for his interest in coaching. Made the daily outings of the "Vivid" and "Venture" coaches possible.



GENERAL SIR WALTER CONGREVE, V.C., K.C.B.
(Died, Feb. 28; aged 65.)
Governor of Malta since 1924. Former G.O.C. Troops in Egypt and Palestine.



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR LOUIS J. BOLS, K.C.B.
New Governor of Bermuda. Has seen much service. Succeeded General Money as Chief Administrator, Jerusalem.



IRELAND: THE RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM WHICH DEFEATED SCOTLAND AT DUBLIN ON FEBRUARY 26.

The team was: W. E. Crawford, J. B. Canly, G. V. Stephenson, F. S. Hewitt, J. H. Gage, E. Davy, M. Sugden, T. O. Pike, W. F. Browne, A. Buchanan, H. McVicker, J. Farrell, J. McVicker, C. T. Payne, and C. J. Hanrahan.



WALES: THE RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM WHICH DEFEATED FRANCE AT SWANSEA ON FEBRUARY 26.

The team consisted of: J. Burns, Ivor Jones, Watcyn Thomas, Tom Arthur, E. Jenkins, H. Phillips, W. Williams, B. O. Male, G. E. Andrews, Windsor H. Lewis, W. C. Powell (Captain), Rowe Harding, W. G. Morgan, John Roberts, and J. H. John.



MRS. FRANK CURZON (ISABEL JAY).
(Died, Feb. 26; aged 47.) Well known as an actress in Gilbert and Sullivan opera and in musical comedy. Practically retired from the stage in 1911.



THE EARL OF STAIR, D.S.O.
Appointed Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland in succession to the Earl of Elgin. Born, Feb. 1879. Served in South Africa and the Great War.



SIR JOHN HARWOOD-BANNER, Bt.
(Died, Feb. 24; aged 78.) Prominent in commercial life of Lancashire. A former High Sheriff of Cheshire and Lord Mayor of Liverpool.



THE RT. REV. C. J. RIDGEWAY, D.D.
(Died, Feb. 28; aged 84.) Bishop of Chichester, 1908-1919. Formerly Prebendary of St. Paul's; Rural Dean of Paddington; Dean of Carlisle.

Mr. Oliver Hall, R.A., R.W.S., R.E., who has just been made a full Academician, was elected an Associate in 1920, the year in which his "Shap Moors" was purchased under the Chantry Bequest for the Tate Gallery. His son paints as "Claude Muncaster."—Mr. William Arthur Barron was a member of the Stock Exchange, but was best known for his interest in coaching. He favoured chestnuts, and owned one private coach team that was never beaten in the show ring.—Sir Walter Congreve entered the Rifle Brigade in 1885. He fought in the South African War and in the Great War. At one time he commanded the

School of Musketry at Hythe.—Sir Louis Jean Bols saw service in Burma, at the relief of Chitral, in South Africa, and during the Great War. After duty in France and Flanders, he became Chief of Staff to General Allenby in Palestine in 1917. He was Chief Administrator in Jerusalem from 1919 until the arrival of Sir Herbert Samuel.—Miss Isabel Jay was the wife of Mr. Frank Curzon, the theatrical manager and racehorse owner. She made her debut in "The Yeomen of the Guard," in 1897.—Sir John Harwood-Banner was an accountant. He was M.P. (C.) for the Everton Division of Liverpool, 1905-1924.



“The Light of Other Days”

“Fond memory brings the light of other days around me,” sang the poet Moore. Most of us are discovering that in those calmer, slower times, there were many savours, qualities and fragrances that are being lost in the rush of to-day. Substitutes abound, but original standards

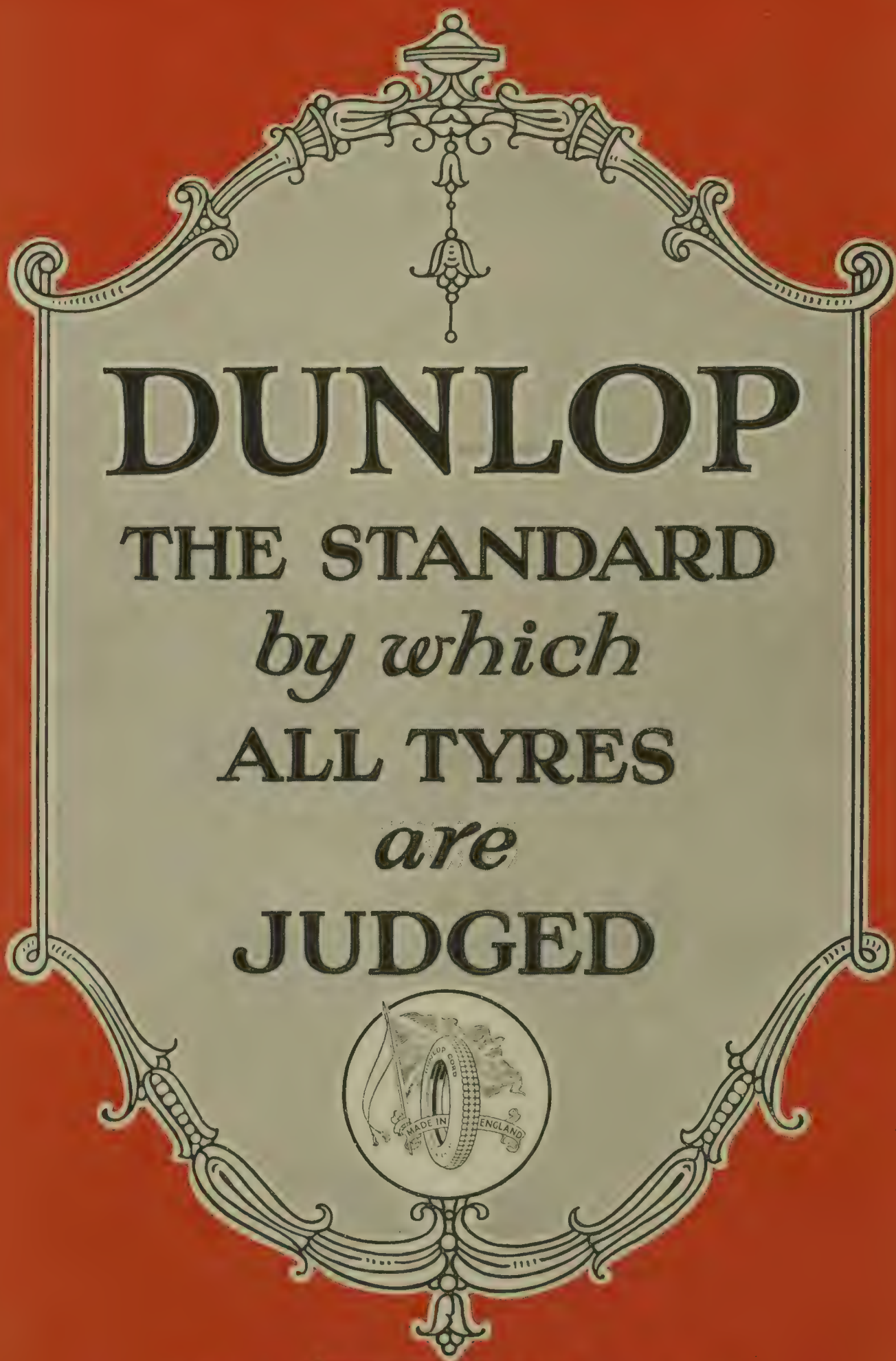
are in danger of being lowered. Craven Mixture is still blended in the old painstaking method according to the recipe of the third Earl of Craven and still maintains the qualities that Sir James Barrie eulogised in “My Lady Nicotine” as “. a tobacco to LIVE for.”



Made by Carreras Ltd., London. Established 1788

Have you tried Double Broad Cut ?

Always behaves its best—no derangement of the original blending.



DUNLOP

THE STANDARD

by which

ALL TYRES

are

JUDGED

See that it says
'MADE IN ENGLAND'
on your tyres

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONCERNING SEALS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

"SURELY," said Edda . . . "God has made the seal the loveliest of His creatures in the water. Look how Padda breasts the current! He stands up against it like a rock; now watch the chain of bubbles where he dives; and now—there is his wise head under that rock-ledge!" Many of my readers will recognise these lines, and their source—one of Rudyard Kipling's most delightful stories, "The Conversion of St. Wilfrid." I know no one who can compare with him in vivid portraiture of animal life—or human life too, for that matter. And I wish that those who are now so busily engaged in the slaughter of seals off the Lincolnshire coast could by some miracle be imbued with a little of the kindly spirit which runs through this fascinating story, in which a pet seal plays so important a part.

It is urged that these seals are consuming such an enormous quantity of fish that they are wrecking the fishing industry of that part of the coast. I challenge that opinion; and I should like to know what steps have been taken, or are being taken, to estimate the quantity eaten or the kind of fish that is eaten. I should also like to know what steps were taken, or are being taken, to survey the neighbourhood of their haunts for the purpose of discovering other, and much more probable, causes of the scarcity of fish, if there be scarcity. Here again, I fear, the

that fate overtook them. The last of their race died in the New York "Zoo" about ten years ago. To-day there may be found, perhaps, a dozen skins, divided between the British Museum, Lord Rothschild's museum, and the museums of New York

in common in the matter of their superficial appearance: such likenesses are a common heritage, derived from a common ancestor. That ancestor was probably an otter-like animal, which, taking more and more intensively to an aquatic life, lost the power of walking. For their hind-legs can no longer support the body on land, but are now extended backwards for use in swimming; while the forelimbs have come to assume something approaching the form of "flippers." These modifications of structure provide us with much food for thought in the matter of problems of heredity, the effects of environment, and the possibility or otherwise of the transmission of acquired characters. These are experiments carried out in Nature's laboratories for our profit. Are we not constantly troubled with these very problems in the matter of our "C 3," as well as of our "A 1," population?

The two seal species show differences as well as likenesses—differences of colour and of structure. Yet they both lead the same life, and, so far as we can discover, feed upon the same food. Both species have now lost the external ear—though vestiges thereof sometimes turn up in the grey seal. Why? The aperture of the ear in both species is relatively large, but in the grey seal it takes the form of an almost circular hole; in the common seal of a vertical slit. Why?

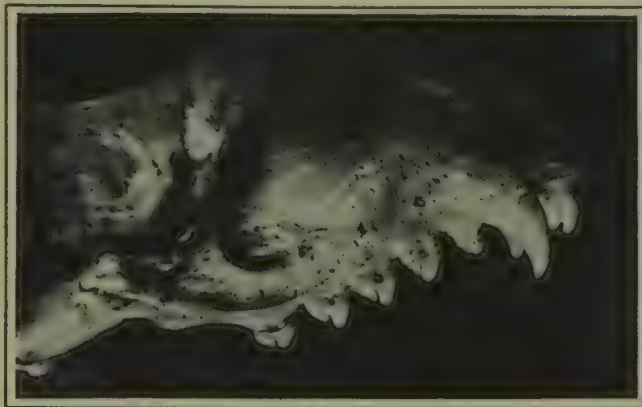


FIG. 1.—A SPECIES BEING SLAUGHTERED ON AN UNPROVED CHARGE OF EXCESSIVE FISH-EATING: THE COMMON SEAL—THE CHEEK-TEETH, WITH CUSPS.

The "cheek-teeth" of the common seal are marked by several cusps, recalling those of the leopard and crab-eating seals.

and Washington. The case of the Labrador duck is another of extermination for commercial ends, and I might cite others by the dozen.

This ought not to be. Doubtless we should be very careful of anything savouring of "restraint of trade." The very foundations of civilisation rest on trade. But when it brings extermination of any sort of revenue in its train, it defeats its own end. And when that evil befalls living creatures, the injury does not end here. It inflicts a permanent and irreparable injury on science, which so many affect to despise; and it inflicts a wrong on posterity. We have no right to impoverish the world to satisfy our personal whims or grudges, as the case may be. Hence I most sincerely hope that pause will be made in this seal-slaughter, to consider whether it has not gone far enough.

Some who read this essay may charge me with talking "sentimental nonsense," and they will proceed to ask what, in heaven's name, can "Science" so particularly want with seals? Those who so commonly sneer at Science forget how much they owe her. At best, the only concession they will make is that men of science have done some useful work in the matter of electricity, "wireless," machinery, and other undertakings which form profitable investments. But science for its own sake, or science which throws light on the why and wherefore of our being, leaves them quite cold. Nevertheless, we who are charged with investigations of this kind have some claim to attention. Let me, in the short space now left me, try to give a very brief indication of what seals have to teach us.

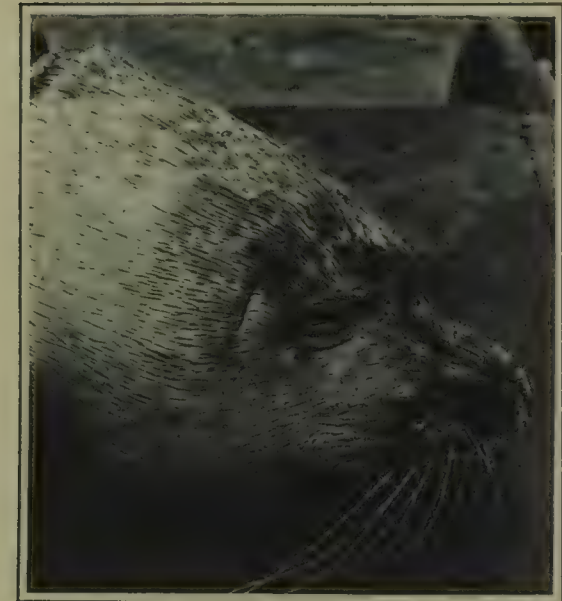


FIG. 2.—"IRRESISTIBLY ATTRACTED BY MUSIC": THE COMMON SEAL—A HEAD SHOWING THE LARGE SLIT MARKING THE EAR-HOLE.

The head of the common seal differs from that of the grey seal in contour, as well as in the fact that only the space between the nostrils is hairless. The vertical slit marking the aperture of the ear is large, and close behind the eye.

old practice of signing death-warrants before trial has been followed. The fishermen have for a long while past, I know, been very insistent in their demand for a ruthless war of extermination, and at last, it would seem, the powers that be have given way for the sake of peace and quiet. This is a deplorable line to take. If it be true—and it is a big *If*—that the depredations of these animals have become so serious as to threaten the livelihood of the fishermen—and, incidentally, a part of our food-supply—then a "thinning-out" is inevitable: but is even this much mercy to be shown?

Another fear in matters of this kind haunts me, and that is the fear of a general extermination. This, mark you, is a very real danger. Remember the fate of the passenger-pigeon of North America. This bird, only a few years ago, assembled annually in hordes of millions on its breeding territory. When on the wing they darkened the air more effectually than thunder-clouds. And each year men gathered to the slaughter—a very slaughter of the innocents, for the unfledged young as well as the adults were shown no quarter. They were slain not because of their raids on crops, but to profit exploiters out to make money. I suppose, at the time, it was imagined that extermination was impossible. But swiftly and suddenly



FIG. 4.—THE UPPER JAW OF A GREY SEAL: CHEEK-TEETH OF A MORE DEGENERATE CHARACTER, HAVING LOST THEIR CUSPS.

In the grey seal the cheek-teeth are of a more degenerate character, since they have lost their cusps; though occasionally these are developed on the two hindmost teeth of the lower jaw.

I have recently examined some of the heads of the seals which form the subject of this article, and I have also had the opportunity of dissecting a grey seal, another of our native seals. They share much



FIG. 3.—DEAF TO THE CHARMS OF MUSIC: THE GREY SEAL—A HEAD SHOWING THE APERTURE OF THE EAR—AN ALMOST CIRCULAR HOLE.

In the grey seal the bare space around the nose resembles that of the dog. The aperture of the ear takes the form of an almost circular hole. In both species the *vibrissæ* (lip bristles) have a very remarkable spiral twist.

The common seal seems to have greater acuity of hearing, and, as is well known, is irresistibly attracted by music. Not so the grey seal.

One of the most curious of my discoveries in regard to these animals concerns their enormously thick *vibrissæ*, or "whiskers." You will note, in the accompanying photographs (Figs. 2 and 3), that these have a curious spiral twist; but what does not appear in these pictures is the fact that these *vibrissæ* are conspicuously flattened from side to side, as though they had been rolled between some heavy press. Again why? Though both seem to eat fish exclusively, and, we must suppose, for want of exact evidence, the same kinds of fish—for they must all be caught in our waters—yet the teeth of these two species differ markedly (Figs. 1 and 4), the common seal having distinct cusps on the cheek-teeth or molars. Why?

Here, then, are questions which can only be answered by jealously preserving the remnant of the seals that are left to us. We must see to it that generations yet unborn shall have their part in the solution of these mysteries, which may affect even the well-being of the human race in ways we cannot suspect. While we safeguard our own needs, we must have an eye to those who are to come after us.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

A New Ambassador.

Those who know Mrs. Vincent Massey, the wife of Canada's first Minister to the United States, up his duties in Washington, who has just taken say that she will be a very popular figure in Washington society. She is interested in housewifely affairs, and pays due attention to her own home life, but she will also enter thoroughly into the social life of Washington, in which members of the Diplomatic Corps play an important part. She and her husband will entertain a good deal, and they will do it well. Mrs. Massey is a daughter of the late Sir George Parkin, who was secretary of the Rhodes Trust, and when she was in London last year with her husband, who was attending the Imperial Conference, she renewed her acquaintance with many of his English friends, and hers. Mr. Massey is a very good representative for Canada, for, as a member of a family which has had large commercial interests throughout the Dominion, he knows every part of the country.



WIFE OF CANADA'S FIRST MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES: MRS. VINCENT MASSEY. Photograph by International Newsreel.

Long-Distance Airwomen.

The King lost no time in showing his appreciation of Lady Maud Hoare's enterprise in flying to India. She had hardly returned to England, before he made her a Dame Commander of the British Empire, an honour well deserved, for Lady Maud, when she began the flight, knew from sad experience that she would probably suffer from air-sickness; but she risked that discomfort, believing that, if she made the journey, other women would follow. She has earned the gratitude of many Englishwomen resident in India, who can now look forward to flying home to spend the school holidays with their children.



AUTHOR OF A NOTABLE FIRST NOVEL: MISS DORIS LESLIE, WHOSE BOOK, "THE STARLING," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

Photograph by Yvonne Gregory.

It is very significant that so soon after Lady Maud's flight the public heard without any surprise of five women setting off by an air-liner to fly to Cairo, or beyond that to Baghdad, a seven days' journey. A few months ago this would have been a nine days' wonder, but when they departed last week, everyone said, "How jolly!" and wondered who would be the next women to go. One of the passengers, Mrs. De Havilland, who with her husband was only going to Cairo, has been in the habit of flying about the country with him, and using their little "Moth" as freely as if it were a motor-car.

One of the Candidates.

Lady Rathcreedan, who has been ill for some time, is now convalescent, and has gone with her husband to Egypt to complete the cure. They expect to be there for about two months. The Rathcreedans have a beautiful home,



TO STAND AT THE NEXT GENERAL ELECTION: LADY RATHCREEDAN. Photograph by Bassano.

Bellhatch Park, near Henley-on-Thames, where Lady Rathcreedan devotes most of her time to farming on scientific principles, which she has carefully studied in Denmark. She is raising a herd of pedigree cattle, and is very successful at shows with her fine bulldogs.

If she has studied agricultural methods during her travels in many countries, she has studied political conditions with equal interest, and she has had plenty of political experience in this country, for she has helped her husband to fight many elections. At the next General Election, Lady Rathcreedan will herself be a candidate for her own district. One hears, by the way, that already twenty-seven women have been adopted as prospective candidates, and no doubt, long before the day comes, there will be many more. No fewer than twenty of those selected so far, including Lady Cynthia Mosley and Lady Clare Annesley, are standing in the Labour interest, so it is time the other parties began to consider the claims of their women, or they will be left far behind. Lady Rathcreedan, like Mrs. Corbet Ashby, another candidate, is a Liberal.

Canada's Court Dresses.

The reports of the Drawing Room held by the Governor-General of Canada at Ottawa last week, when, for the first time at such a Canadian function, the ladies wore Court dress, is a reminder of the dignity that has been added to the Governors-General since the Imperial Conference gave a different status to the Dominions. Lady Willingdon was unable to be with Lord Willingdon to receive the guests, because of the sudden death of her eldest sister, Lady Mabelle Egerton, at Madeira. Lady Mabelle's name must have been familiar to many Canadians who served in the war, for from its early months she had been in charge of the coffee-shop at Rouen Station, where she provided refreshment for thousands of the troops at all hours of the day and night.



PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HER WINNING SHIRE: MRS. STANTON.

Mrs. Stanton is the first woman President of the Shire Horse Society, and she is also the only woman to have won the championship of the show. Photograph by Quick Pictures.

The Peeresses' Dinner.

Only four of the Peeresses who hold the title in their own right were able to attend the dinner given in their honour by the Women's Election Committee last week, but the gathering was a brilliant success, and attended by very representative people. The Duchess of Atholl, whose husband has been such a staunch supporter of the Peeresses' claim in the House of Lords, came in her private capacity to discuss the merits of their claim and to wish them all success. Miss Grier, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, voiced the opinion of women in all professions, and Miss Lilian Baylis dealt with the general achievement of women; while Lord Astor spoke on the fortunes and prospects of his Peeresses Bill. Miss Marie Lawson, one of the hostesses, spoke on behalf of the Women's Election Committee, which includes such distinguished women as Dr. Christine Murrell, a member of the British Medical Association, and Miss Cecily Hamilton.

Viscountess Rhondda said very wisely that it would be a very good idea if the Committee were some day to invite various members of the Lords to meet the claimant ladies at a similar gathering, that they might see how harmless they were. She might have added, "and how good-looking," for they were a handsome quartet. Lady Beaumont looked like a picture in her black frock and primrose-coloured scarf, as she read her graceful little speech. Lady Lucas, who was charming in a black and rose-coloured chiffon frock, did not speak, but listened

with amusement to Lady Ravensdale, who, instead of arguing the case seriously, poked fun at the opposing Peers. She told a story about the reporters who boarded her ship in Japan, insisted on her producing the Baron, and refused to believe that no such person existed. They searched the ship for him, and, she said, "one palpitating reporter came back to say: 'Ah, Madam, I am sorry. I see, the Baron, he is defunct.'"

Viscountess Elibank.

The Hon. Mrs. Gideon Murray, who has now become Viscountess Elibank on her husband's accession to the title, has for a long time been very prominent not only in London's social world, but in connection with various organisations in which women are interested. She was for two years hon. sec. of the Women's Election Committee, which was formed to raise funds and other-



A PEERESS IN HER OWN RIGHT WHO WAS PRESENT AT THE WOMEN'S ELECTION COMMITTEE DINNER LAST WEEK: LADY RAVENSDALE. There are twenty-two Peeresses in their own right who wish to sit in the Lords. Their Bill has been defeated twice. Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

wise assist in the election to Parliament of women Parliamentary candidates, who are otherwise hampered, as a rule, by lack of means. She had been expected to attend the dinner given by the Committee last week to the Peeresses, but it was, of course, impossible for her to do so. An active member of the Lyceum Club, she had lately become chairman of its United Empire Circle, and acted as hostess at the luncheon given a few weeks ago to Princess Marie Louise.

Two Learned Ladies.

George Eliot put more than one of the distinguished and learned ladies of her time into her novels, and now the story of her own life has been written by a learned lady who would have looked very well on the walls of her gallery. Miss Elizabeth Haldane, LL.D., who takes such a keen interest in the higher education of girls, knows how much intellectual pursuits add to the happiness of life, for she is one of the most learned women in Great Britain. Before she was thirty years of age she had, in co-operation with another woman, translated Hegel's "History of Philosophy," and she has other weighty translations as well as important original works to her credit.

Miss Haldane has done a great deal of useful work in connection with Royal Commissions and

Committees, both Scottish and—if one is allowed so to express it—national, and has always taken a specially active interest in educational administration and the nursing services. In spite of her many duties, public and social, and her studies, Miss Haldane finds time for the needlework and fine embroidery in which she delights. Her life of George Eliot is not only an appreciation of the great writer, but a sympathetic study of the woman.

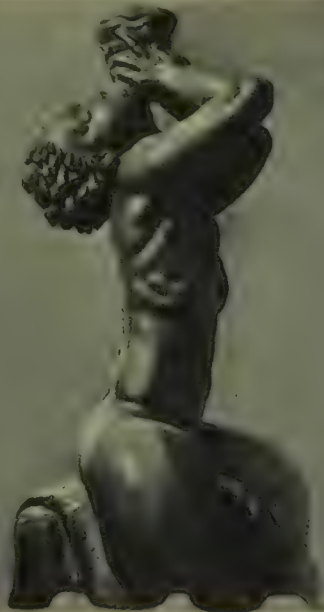


THE NEW VISCOUNTESS ELIBANK, WHOSE HUSBAND SUCCEEDED TO THE TITLE ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER LAST WEEK. Photograph by Swaine.



THE WRITER OF A LIFE OF GEORGE ELIOT: MISS E. S. HALDANE. Photograph by Swaine.

A SWEDISH "RODIN": THE MILLES SCULPTURES EXHIBITION AT THE TATE GALLERY.



A BRONZE TRITON: A MODERNIST WORK BY PROFESSOR CARL MILLES, THE SWEDISH SCULPTOR, IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE TATE GALLERY.



"EUROPA AND THE BULL": ONE OF THE MORE REALISTIC EXAMPLES OF THE MILLES SCULPTURES IN THE TATE GALLERY EXHIBITION.



"SUNLIGHT ON THE WATER": A NAIAD OF A NEW TYPE, WITH FISH-TAIL FEET, BESTRIDING A DOLPHIN—A TYPICAL MILLES GROUP.



"DANCE": A BRONZE GROUP IN THE EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURES BY PROFESSOR MILLES, WITH ANOTHER VIEW OF THE NAIAD AND DOLPHIN.



"PORTRAIT OF BARONESS VON LEITNER": A BUST BY PROFESSOR CARL MILLES ON MORE ORTHODOX LINES, IN THE EXHIBITION.



"FOLKE FILBYTER," A MAN WHO SPENT HIS LIFE IN QUEST OF A LOST GRANDSON: THE MOST REPRESENTATIVE EXAMPLE OF THE SCULPTOR'S GENIUS.



"NAIAD": A NEW BIFURCATED VERSION OF THE FAMOUS DEFINITION OF A MERMAID IN HORACE—A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN TERMINATING IN A FISH.



"ELK": A STRANGE BUT VIGOROUSLY EXPRESSIVE BLEND OF REALISM WITH MODERNIST CONVENTION, AS IN THE SOLIDIFIED ANTLERS.



"SUSAN": A LIFE-LIKE FIGURE AS SEEN ON A FOUNTAIN IN GOTHENBURG, ONE OF MANY PUBLIC WORKS EXECUTED BY PROFESSOR MILLES IN SWEDEN.

Great interest has been aroused in the art world by the exhibition, recently opened at the Tate Gallery, of works by the famous Swedish sculptor, Professor Carl Milles. As our illustrations show, he is an artist of genius and strong individuality, with a tendency to modernism, but capable also of charming effects in the orthodox manner. His figures—both human and animal—are all remarkable for their intense vitality. Professor Milles, who was born in 1876, first made a name with his sketch for a monument to Sten Sture, a hero of the War of Liberation, afterwards erected at Upsala. He has since executed numerous works of statuary for

various cities in Sweden, where originality is encouraged. The examples shown at the Tate Gallery are mostly fragments or sketches for these monuments, and they include a design for a proposed memorial to Swedenborg in London. Professor Milles has been called a Scandinavian Rodin, and some may see in him affinities with Epstein. The equestrian figure of Folke Filbyter illustrates the legend of a man who rode round Sweden all his life looking for a grandson stolen by monks. Like many of the other groups, it was designed as the central feature of a fountain, and expresses happily its purpose of refreshing the weary.

Fashions & Fancies

COLOUR PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART IN EVENING FROCKS AND WRAPS THIS SEASON, AND FRINGES AND FURBELOWS DECORATE THE SMARTEST AFTERNOON DRESSES.

be of charmeline, crêpe-de-Chine, or a hundred other materials ranging from very fine stockinette to flowered chiffon. The plissé skirt, carried out in three tiers in front, is very fashionable, and so is a rather full skirt cleverly pleated to form a checked design which is small at the waist and grows gradually larger. Fringe is a favourite form of trimming, especially the new version, which is shaded and rather "crinkly," so that it looks like very sleek chenille. One lovely frock, which comes straight from Paris, has springing from the waist a long, loose length of fringe mounted on a narrow binding the same as the dress. This may be draped across the back, falling over one shoulder in front, where it is fastened in place by a large jewelled brooch; or, if you prefer, it can be wound round the neck like a scarf—so adaptable is it to the slightest whim!

Brims Have Their Ups and Downs.

There is always a fierce engagement between small hats or large at this time of year, and brims are not quite decided whether they shall be up or down. Two years ago, every brim turned up; and last season, as a natural consequence, they turned down instead. This year, however, there is no law of the Medes and Persians about the angle. The majority, it is true, still turn down—small brims on felts and petershams—but some of the very latest models show the brims turned sharply up in front. Felt in two shades is fashionable, and petersham in many striped colourings, while crochet Visca straw holds a strong position amongst the hats for lighter days. The ornaments, too, are very varied, ranging from magpies and beetles in tinted mother-o'-pearl to large square brooches of mock diamonds and jewels.

Frocks and Wraps in Liberty Colourings.

It is almost impossible in pen and ink to do justice to the lovely colourings of the evening frock and wrap pictured on this page, but the fact that they come from Liberty's, Regent St., W., is enough to inspire the imagination. The dress on the right is expressed in shaded chiffon bordered with appliquéd embroideries of tinsel gauze, which define soft pink roses and gold foliage. The cloak is of cherry-coloured marocain interwoven with gold, and completed with



Chiffon shaded in dawn tints and decorated with appliquéd embroidery of tinsel gauze, introducing pink roses and gold leaves, expresses this charming frock from Liberty's, Regent Street, W.

A lovely evening wrap of cherry-coloured marocain woven with "fountains" of gold. The border and long stole ends are of velvet, and the collar of white fur. It comes from the famous Liberty's, of Regent Street, W.

A Résumé of the Season's Fashions.

Though the weather is wintry at the time of writing, the calendar is already at the end of February, and probably spring will come with a rush without any preliminary warning. So a little imagination must be used as we choose our outfits now, before the sun is actually in our eyes. In the morning the problem is simple: a coat and skirt, plain but perfectly tailored, in one of the new checked materials, or perhaps a plain coat with a plaid skirt and waistcoat. Even the flowers in the buttonhole are severely tailored, and are of felt or stockinette to match the jumper. Some are even made of the same material as the suit. Tailored jumper suits also play a prominent rôle, and in these the diagonal stripes are the smartest. A jumper made entirely with narrow circular stripes, or one with a border of very broad ones, is worn with a plain skirt—quite the opposite of the general plan of the coat and skirt.

Afternoon Frocks with Fringes and Pleats.

In the afternoon, frocks are allowed far more latitude. They may

Wind and rain have no adverse effects on the complexion which is protected by Lait La-rola, the fragrant emollient which soothes and whitens the skin in all weathers.

Here are the latest handbags for the smart woman from J. C. Vickery's, Regent St., W. The big leather travelling bag has an umbrella thrust through, and above is a double-sided moiré silk bag with a marcassite mount.

long velvet stole ends matching the border. The collar is of white fur, and it is lined with gold "Sungleam," one of the shimmering materials for which this firm is famous. There are many lovely evening wraps, some of hand-printed brocade, others of hand-stencilled chiffon velvet, and one is of deep moss-green velvet printed with lighter shades sprayed with "fountains" of silver. A long evening wrap of Sungleam half-lined with georgette, of which the large bolster collar is made, can be secured for £5 18s. 6d.;

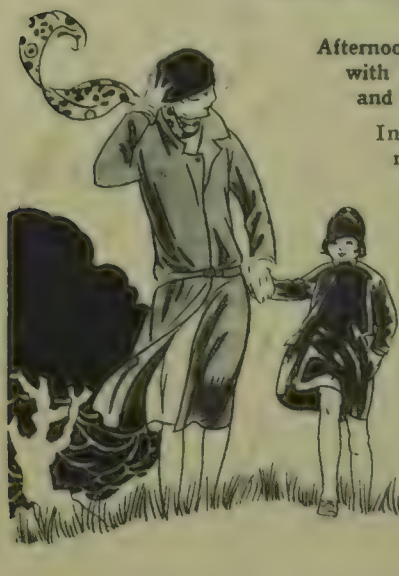
and a velveteen cape lined with gold Sungleam is 9 guineas. Pretty evening frocks of the latter material with slashings of diamanté embroidered georgette are obtainable for 8 guineas, and tissue frocks can be secured from the same amount.

Smart bags which delight Day and Evening the heart of every woman always make their début at J. C. Vickery's, Regent Street, W., and sketched in the centre of this page is a fascinating group of their latest accessories. The huge travelling bag with an umbrella thrust through is of scarlet morocco leather, and the tiny umbrella has a handle of ivory. The price is £7 9s. 6d. complete, and it may be secured for £6 6s. with a mock shell handle instead of the ivory. Then there are

flat, square-shaped bags of moiré silk with marcassite and jewelled clasps, such as the one pictured, which are also very new; and lizard pouches can be secured from 3 guineas.

A Hint for Rough Complexions.

February and March are the worst months of the year for tender skins, and nearly every woman finds her complexion becoming spoiled and coarsened by the wind and sudden change of temperature. A simple preventive which lies within the reach of the most restricted pocket is to use Lait La-rola night and morning. It is a soothing emollient which is delightfully fragrant, and, though it costs only 1s. 6d. a bottle at all chemists and stores, it has the power to nourish the tissues, banish all roughness, and protect the skin from exposure.



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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

GROVE'S "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" was first published in 1879, by Macmillan and Co., and edited by Sir George Grove, and it has needed bringing up to date for a long time. Events seem to move more rapidly in the world of music than in any other world, except, perhaps, the world of science; and, although a literary dictionary dated 1879 would need a large supplementary volume, it is doubtful whether it would need the thorough revision now required by a scientific or a musical encyclopædia of the same age.

It is therefore good news for all musicians and amateurs that a new revised edition of Grove's "Dictionary" has been in preparation for some time; and the fact that this revision is being made under the editorship of Mr. Colles, the well-known musical critic of the *Times*, means that we can be certain of a well-balanced, sane, and broad outlook upon every subject. Mr. Colles has kept aloof from all groups, and is no violent partisan of any school. On the other hand, his criticisms have shown that he possesses what many scholars and academic musicians do not possess—a genuine musical sensibility. This latter quality, for all its primary importance (for it is even more important than knowledge), is astonishingly rare among professional musicians. The layman will find it difficult to conceive the possibility of a trained musician being genuinely impervious, *deaf* to music, but it is by no means an uncommon phenomenon. One has to reflect upon the number of grammarians, teachers, lecturers and schoolmasters who are insensitive to literature, and cannot tell a good poem from a bad except by counting the rhymes—professors who can discourse eloquently upon dactyls and spondee and anapaests, argue about the *cæsura* and *catalepsis*, and write critically upon the sonnet form, but who nevertheless do not know why an imperfect sonnet by Keats is better than a perfect sonnet by T. W. H. Crosland.

Such professional specialists abound in the world of music, and it is fortunate that the new editor of Grove is not one of them. Nevertheless it is certain that we shall all have grievances against the new Grove when it comes out, for it is impossible for any editor of such a work to satisfy everybody, even if we include in "everybody" only the few whose opinion is really worth having. The original Grove contained the work of most of England's most eminent

contemporary musicians. Sir George Grove himself contributed largely, and other well-known names were J. R. Sterndale-Bennett, Sir Julius Benedict, Edward Dannreuther, Sir Herbert Oakeley, Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, Sir Hubert Parry, Ebenezer

their own day that we find their criticism more lively and enlivening. To Berlioz, for example, Edward Dannreuther is, on the whole, cordial, but he says—

One must draw the line somewhere, and the writer would draw it on the hitler side of such movements as the "orgies" which form the finales of the "Symphonie Fantastique" and "Harold en Italie," or the chorus of devils in the "Damnation de Faust." Bloodthirsty, delirious passion such as is here depicted may have been excited by gladiator and wild-beast shows in Roman arenas; but its rites, whether reflected through the medium of poetry, painting or music, are assuredly more honoured in the breach than the observance.

There speaks the very voice of the nineteenth century. A generation which has been through the Great War cannot be expected to feel so shocked by Berlioz's musical thunder. And, in fact, the critic of to-day, when listening, for example, to the admirable "Symphonie Fantastique," is always compelled to regret the fact that such a celebrated "orgy" as the "Witches' Dance" of the last movement misses fire, and is comparatively ineffective. It is, indeed, the weakest, not the most powerful, movement of the Symphony, and this is extraordinarily revealing, and shows how difficult it is to regard works of art with the necessary detachment from social prejudices and conventions, and how deeply one's judgment is always dyed by the temper of the age we live in.

But it is not only in denunciations and adverse criticism to which we should not subscribe that the old Grove is rich, but also in what we may now think is misplaced eulogy. For example, there are nine columns in the old Grove on Sir William Sterndale-Bennett, who is to-day absolutely extinct as a "great composer," but whom the old Grove describes as—

... the only English musical composer since Purcell who has attained a distinct style and individuality of his own, and whose works can be reckoned among the models, or "classics," of the art.

Elsewhere in the same article we are told that Sterndale-Bennett's Pianoforte Concerto in C minor is a work in "the highest and purest style of the Mozart model," and evinces in some portions "a constructive power worthy of the composer's great predecessor."

We may expect to find in the new Grove eulogies of living English composers as exaggerated and misplaced as this on Sterndale-Bennett, and it will be an interesting diversion when the new Grove appears (which will be this year), to look up the articles on

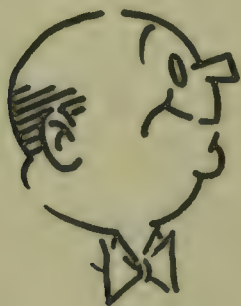
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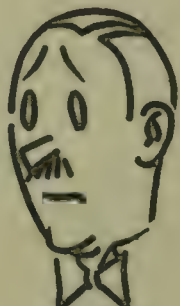
THE PRINCE OF WALES VISITS CASTLE BROMWICH: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS MET BY THE LORD MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM ON ARRIVAL AT THE BIRMINGHAM SECTION OF THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR.

Photograph by I.B.

Prout, and Arthur Sullivan. On the older classics most of these writers are fairly safe and respectable, but it is when we come to the composers nearer to



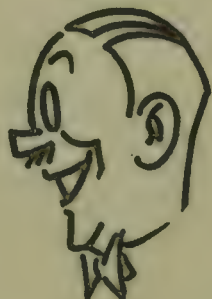
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"M'Alright"



"It's Schweppes!"



"Ah.....!"

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THE NAME
PUT A
DIFFERENT
FACE
ON THINGS!**



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Ginger Ale



“‘We’ll hae nae quarrelling, Allan,’ said his shorter companion. . . . ‘And it’s time, Allan, we were ganging to our lads.’

“‘Hout awa, Inverashalloch,’ said Galbraith. ‘Mind the auld saw, man: “It’s a bauld moon,” quoth Benny-gask; “another pint,” quoth Lesley. We’ll no start for another chappin.’

“‘I hae had chappins eneugh,’ said Inverashalloch; ‘I’ll drink my quart of usquebaugh but the deil a drap mair, when I hae wark to do in the morning. . . .’”

ROB ROY, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

And if the usquebaugh were one half as good as its direct descendant, good, mellow Black & White, there is no wonder Major Galbraith refused to start without another “chappin.” Galbraith, good Scot that he was, clung to a good thing when he found it. Major Galbraith was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.

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(Continued.)

Elgar, Vaughan Williams, Gustav Holst and others, and see exactly how the editor has apportioned the available measure of praise.

One of the most astonishing features in the old Grove is the article of over a hundred columns on Mendelssohn, written by the editor himself. This is the second longest article in the whole dictionary, the longest being that on Schubert. Grove considered Mendelssohn as next in importance to Beethoven himself, an opinion which the present age would consider ridiculous, for we place quite a number of composers above this greatly gifted but essentially second-rate composer. Schubert, Berlioz, Wagner (who is

dealt with very favourably by his English friend Dannreuther in the original Grove), possibly even Hugo Wolf, must be considered as being composers of greater importance. Personally, I should also consider Moussorgsky and, among living composers, Stravinsky, as more significant figures in the history of music than Mendelssohn; but we must not overlook the possibility of our present reaction from Mendelssohn going too far. Mendelssohn is too sweet for the present age, and he has not got either the dynamic force or the vivid musical personality of Mozart.

We may expect to see Richard Strauss, Debussy, and Ravel all treated fully for the first time in the new

Grove. About Strauss I do not expect there will be much conflict of opinion. I place Strauss somewhere

to perish. Debussy is a more difficult figure. He wrote very little that was worthless and very little that was priceless, but historically he is, like Monteverde, of great importance, and such a work as "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" is a masterpiece of such perfection that it is difficult to imagine that it will ever be forgotten. Nevertheless, Debussy is a composer on a small scale, a lyrist like Herrick. It is the work of such composers that is likely to withstand the corrosion of time most successfully.

What the new Grove will say of the most "advanced" of some living composers—of Stravinsky, Prokofiev, van Dieren, for example—I do not venture to prophesy. I expect that the articles on these musicians will be fairly guarded.

With all the mistakes of the past so constantly before us, we are likely in this generation to sit more tightly on the fence than our predecessors did. I do

not see the new Grove eulogising Prokofiev, although there will probably be a somewhat warmer tone about the Stravinsky article. Then there is the modern French school of Honegger, Milhaud, Poulenc, and so on. It will be impossible to give a definitive opinion about these men, for the simple reason that they are too young and have not yet produced enough work for an authoritative judgment to be possible.

On the whole, it is likely that the greatest errors will be made in the treatment of living English composers. There will be an irresistible tendency

(Continued overleaf.)



THE FOURTH OF THE FIVE AIR-LINERS FOR THE CAIRO-KARACHI SERVICE: THE D.H. BRISTOL JUPITER WHICH TOOK THE AIR FOR BAGHDAD ON FEBRUARY 23. The eight passengers included five women. It was anticipated that Baghdad would be reached in under seven days, instead of the customary twenty-four. The fifth aeroplane of the service is due to leave England on March 10, and on April 6 the existing service between Cairo, Baghdad, and Basra will be extended to India.

Photograph by L.N.A.

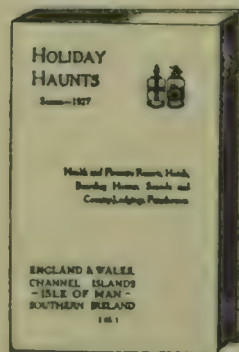
about Mendelssohn's level; if anything, a little lower. No doubt, a few works of his will live: some of his tone-poems—"Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel"—and one of his operas, "Der Rosenkavalier," have a future, but the greater bulk of his work is more likely



THREE OF THE FIVE WOMEN PASSENGERS ON THE D.H. BRISTOL JUPITER WHICH LEFT FOR BAGHDAD ON FEB. 23: MRS. JOHNSON; MRS. HINCHCLIFFE, WIFE OF THE PILOT; AND MRS. DE HAVILLAND, WIFE OF THE DESIGNER OF THE AIRCRAFT.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

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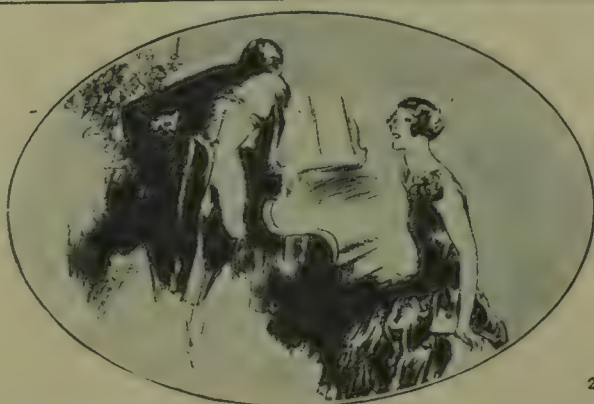
proper gum protection unless this be done regularly.

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(Continued.)

to treat them generously. There is no harm in this. As Beethoven said: "If a work is well built and firmly grounded, it will last; if not, no amount of effort at bolstering it up will succeed in making it permanent." In any case, there has been a genuine revival in English music, and if some composers are over-praised in giving this movement proper consideration, it can hurt nobody.

W. J. TURNER.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

CHARLES WILLING (Philadelphia, Pa.).—Your good wishes never come too late: they so immediately fructify into kind deeds. As for any incident of chess reaching the front page of the newspapers over here, you must know that felicity is reserved for pockets of unfathomable depth.

P. J. WOOD (Wakefield).—We cannot hope to be always up to first-prize standard; otherwise perhaps your letter would not need to have been written.

RUSTUM A DALAL (Bombay).—Your efforts at composition are praiseworthy for a beginning, but you have much to learn before attaining publication standard. No. 1, with its solution by three checks, is quite inadmissible; No. 2 admits of a second and much better solution by 1. Q to Kt 5th; and No. 3 has been anticipated a hundred times over. Meanwhile, please accept our grateful thanks for your instructions as to how we should properly examine problems.

E. G. B. BARLOW (Bournemouth).—It was as we expected. You have failed to note the position of the White King. Under what circumstances can White move his Rook?

CLYDE GRAY (Concord, N.H.).—It would save much trouble, both to yourself and to us, if you would verify your references. The problem you speak of as in our issue of Jan. 30 is presumably the one published on Jan. 8, and the answer to your proposed solution in a single move is R takes K, which even a blind man might almost see. In view of this incertitude of yours, we must decline to waste time over the position you want solved.

C. B. S. (Canterbury).—No floodgates will be opened. We shall sternly hold that there is no exception without a rule.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3993 received from Charles Willing (Philadelphia, Pa.); of No. 3994 from Charles Willing (Philadelphia), Frederick Schmarloff (Johnson City, Tenn.), and Rustum A. Dalal (Bombay); of No. 3995 from John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.); of No. 3996 from H. Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), Rev. W. Scott (Elgin), H. J. Rose (University College, Aberystwyth), V. G. Walrond (Haslingden), E. J. Gibbs (East Ham), R. P. Nicholson (Crayke), M. S. Maughan (Barton-on-Sea), F. J. Fallwell (Caterham), J. M. K. Lupton (Richmond), J. C. Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), J. Barry Brown (Naas), Fr. F. F. (Birkenhead, Wirtemberg), A. Edmeston (Worsley), and H. Heshmat (Cairo); and of No. 3997 from Mrs. N. Brabey (Pennington Hall, Southbrook), H. W. Sator (Bangor), L. W. Cafferata (Farndon), J. M. K. Lupton (Richmond), J. W. Smedley (Oldham), J. Barry Brown (Naas), J. C. Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), J. Hunter (Leeds), E. J. Gibbs (East Ham), W. Mason (Sheffield), C. B. S. (Canterbury), C. H. Watson (Masham), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), W. Kirkman (Hereford), H. Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), J. P. Smith (Cricklewood), J. T. Bridge (Colchester), R. B. N. (Tewkesbury), J. Barrett (Deganwy, North Wales), R. P. Nicholson (Crayke), S. Caldwell (Hove), and Herbert Filmer (Faversham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF CHRISTMAS NUTS: J. E. Houseman, 1 (making 7 in all); H. E. McFarland (St. Louis, Mo.), 1.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3995.—By J. SCOTT.

WHITE

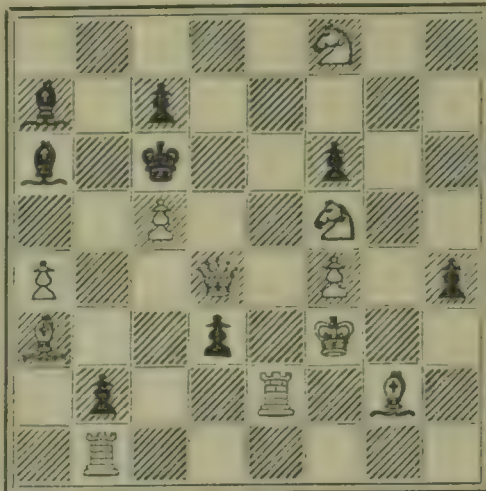
1. Kt to K B 5th
2. Mates accordingly.

The key move is one that almost leaps to the eye of an experienced solver, but the ingenuity with which the defensive replies of Black are met constitutes the merit of the problem. The two moves of Black's Knight, for instance, may be specially noted.

BLACK

Anything.

PROBLEM NO. 3998.—By C. CHAPMAN, MODDERFONTEIN, S.A. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

"The Chess Annual" for 1926 (Whitehead and Miller, Ltd., 15, Elmwood Lane, Leeds; price, 4s. cloth).—Under the very competent editorship of Mr. M. E. Goldstein—than whom we know no one better qualified for the task—this little volume steps in to fill a gap that has been vacant since the catastrophic years of 1914-1918. In the limits of 200 pages will be found full details of the tournaments, matches, and competitions all the world over during 1926, with a choice selection both of the finest games and the best problems produced during that period. No other game can offer so interesting a record as this. A cricket annual or a football annual can give the facts and figures of the year's story, and an analysis of the performances of particular players, but it cannot put its reader in the shoes of Hobbs making a great century, or of Gallacher when shooting a brilliant goal. Here it is quite otherwise. The humblest devotee of the game can sit down in the chair of a master, and see with his eyes and read with his mind all the evolutions of the struggle; he can go with him move by move through all the labyrinthine intricacies by which victory is won or defeat staved off. When it is realised that all this is offered by this little book, it is difficult to believe that any lover of the game will fail to possess himself of a copy. As an illustration of the cosmopolitan range of the "Annual's" collection, we quote above a game played by a Polish player which is worthy of any master living or dead.

CHESS IN EASTERN EUROPE.

Game played at Bialistok, Poland, in a match between Messrs. REGEDZINSKI and CUCKERMANN. Score from the "Chess Annual" for 1926.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	17. Kt to Kt 5th	P takes P
2. P to Q B 4th	P to Q B 3rd	18. Kt takes Q	P takes P (ch)
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		
4. Kt to B 3rd	B to B 4th		
5. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd		
6. B to K 2nd	Q Kt to Q 2nd		
7. Castles	B to Q 3rd		
8. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to K 5th		
9. Kt takes Kt			

After playing a perfectly orthodox game so far, White here goes wrong. He permits the initiative to pass into Black's control, and gives him the opportunity of a powerful attack.

9.	P takes Kt
10. Kt to K sq	Q to R 5th
11. P to Kt 3rd	Q to R 6th
12. P to B 3rd	P to K R 4th
13. R to B 2nd	P takes P
14. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd
15. B to R 3rd	

The position at this point is one of extreme interest. Black has placed his Queen into what appears a hopeless trap, and immediate disaster seems only ward off by his K B's command of K Kt 4th square. On the other hand, however, his well-timed advance of the K R pawn

puts his attack just one move ahead of the defence.

Thus sacrificing his Queen and entering on a combination of singular depth and brilliancy, of which his 18th move forms an essential element.

Nothing could be finer. The capture of the Rook only gives White the chance of escape.

19. R takes P B takes R (ch)
20. K takes B R takes Kt (ch)
21. K to Kt 2nd Kt to B 3rd
22. Q to Q B sq Kt to K 5th

Drawing the cords of the net fast enclosing his victim. White is no better than a fly in the web of a spider.

23. B to Q 3rd R to Kt 6th (ch)
24. K to B sq B to R 6th (ch)
25. K to K 2nd R to Kt 7th (ch)
26. K to B 3rd Kt to Kt 4th (ch)
27. K to B 4th R to Kt 5th (ch)
28. K to K 5th K to Q 2nd
29. Resigns.

A game that reflects the highest possible credit on the winner.

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The First Flight Across the Polar Sea. Roald Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth. (21s. net.)
Injudicious Jerry. Douglas Walshe. (7s. 6d. net.)
Unholy Matrimony. Winifred Graham. (7s. 6d. net.)

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The Drowned Bonanza. Courtney Ryley Cooper. (7s. 6d. net.)
The Man Behind the Face. Jermyn March. (7s. 6d. net.)
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The Wreck of the "Redwing." Beatrice Grimshaw. (7s. 6d. net.)



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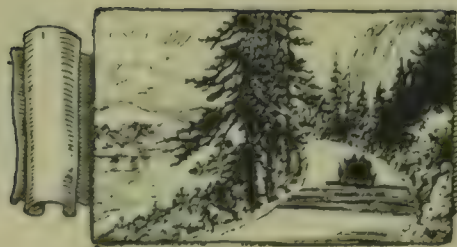
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

THE ALVIS SPORTING SALOON.

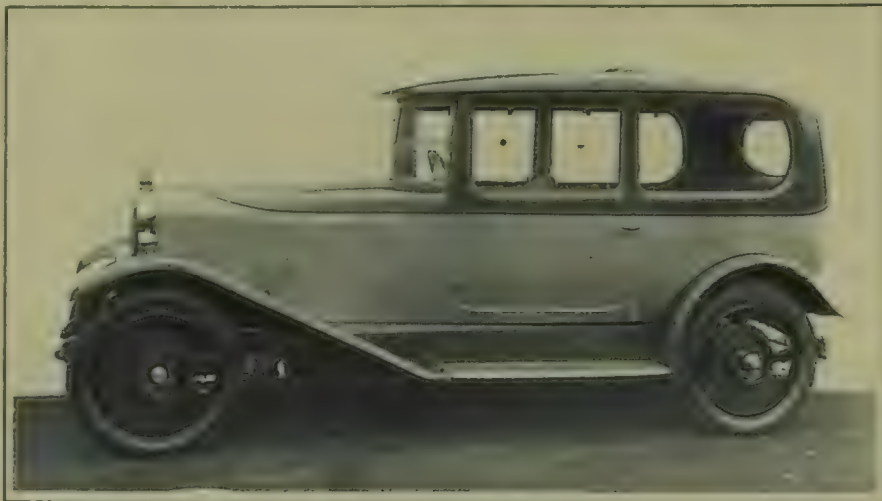
DURING the last year or so a new fashion among cars has sprung up, the fashion of the miniature sporting saloon. By this I do not mean that the car has necessarily a miniature engine and chassis, but that it has become fashionable to fit quite a reasonably sized chassis with sometimes an incredibly small body. I saw such a toy the other day on a chassis which was easily capable of seventy-five miles an hour, on which an annual tax of at least £16 is paid; and I wondered why. That was an extreme case, however, and the kind I am thinking of particularly now is the sporting saloon which you find on cars between 12-h.p. and 15-h.p. Quite frankly, I cannot see the point of these things, but as makers supply them (in all probability very much against the grain), it is to be supposed that there is a certain demand for them. Why have power and then sacrifice comfort?

The new 12-50-h.p. sporting saloon Alvis is the latest example of the particular type I have in mind, and I was much interested the other day to have the opportunity of putting it over one of my test runs. My experiences with the Alvis sporting car have been pleasant, to say the least, but the only ones I have known have always been of the open type, and, it should be remarked incidentally, fitted with what seemed to me to be much roomier bodies than the new one. The sporting saloon is certainly one of the most attractive pieces of coachwork I have ever seen. It is really beautifully finished inside and out, and, being to a certain extent stream-lined, it gives the car a most attractive air of balance and buoyancy—if one can mix the two. I do not at all want a body of this kind myself, but, if I did, I must confess that the Alvis would be the first to be considered on the list.

I am not sure whether I ought to consider the performance of the car or the design of the body first in a case of this kind, but as I have plainly intimated that the sporting saloonette, to coin a horrible word, is not at all my kind of car, I will take the performance first. There is, I understand, no practical difference between the 1927 and its two predecessors. The overhead valved, four-cylinder engine has a bore and stroke of 68 mm. by 103 mm., a cubic capacity of a litre and a half, and a brake horsepower of fifty. A four-speed gear-box is fitted, with righthand control (this, the only proper system, is gradually coming back into its own, I am delighted to notice), and the remainder of the chassis calls for no comment, except on its excellent sturdiness of construction.

While this particular car I tried was not so fast as the last example of the Alvis 12-50-h.p. with the open body, it would not be fair to assume that its performance was normal on the day on which I tried it. It had done less than 1000 miles, and, rightly or wrongly, I do not believe that any good car is anywhere near at its best until it has done 5000. That is one of my principal difficulties in properly

appreciating in these columns the performance of new cars. At regular intervals I beg manufacturers who want me to describe their cars to send me examples that have been properly run in, but I am sorry to say my prayer is very seldom answered.



OUR "CAR OF THE WEEK": THE NEW 12-50-H.P. ALVIS SPORTING SALOON. Messrs. Henlys, Ltd., of 91 and 155-7, Great Portland St., are the sole Alvis distributors for London and district.

The Alvis in all its newness, however, showed a delightful degree of liveliness. The action of that engine is really a joy, as very high revolutions are reached

so quickly. By this I mean that, if you are getting along pretty well on third gear, let us say, you will be able to improve the output of the engine very readily without having to come down to second. I am naturally speaking of this car as of the kind of fast car in which every one of the four speeds in the gear-box is meant to be used—as, indeed, they ought to be in every car, whether sporting or not.

The exhaust makes a certain amount of boom, but the engine itself runs with a considerable degree of quietness and quite exceptional smoothness. There is a good deal of quite pleasant noise at forty miles an hour on third, but I should be inclined to ascribe a lot of it to the closed body. Saloon roofs, of no matter what size, are notoriously effective sounding-boards. I did not at any time exceed fifty miles an hour, but I guess that when the car has done, say, another 1000 miles, sixty will be as easily attainable, and perhaps more when properly run in. The gear ratios are high, as may be gathered from the fact that Pebblecombe Hill brought us down to bottom gear just before the one-in-six portion.

Steering and brakes are alike excellent, but both of them are surpassed in efficiency by the springing. This, which is by half-elliptics all round, assisted by shock-absorbers, is quite one of the best I have come across, and what particularly interested and attracted me was that high-pressure tyres of comparatively small dimensions are fitted. I could see very little difference between the motion of this car so fitted and others of the same size and weight and speed fitted with balloon tyres.

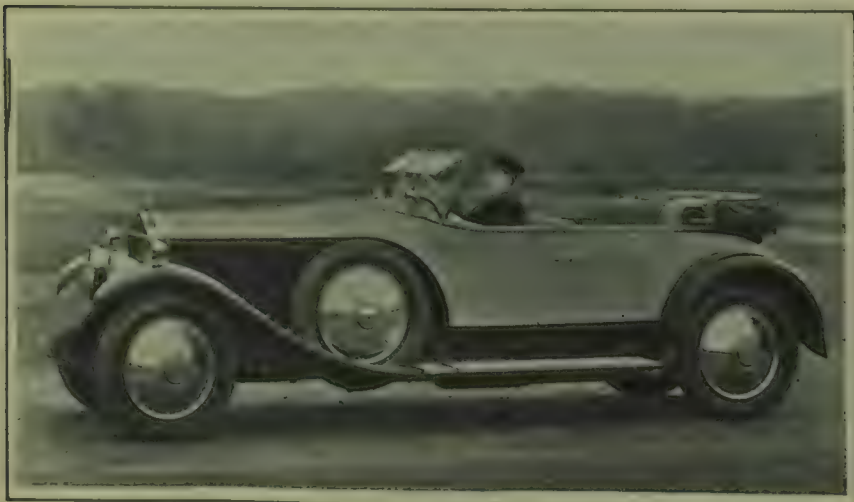
For the benefit of those who like the miniature saloon, I, as one who does not, will try to do it justice. As I said, it is really a beautiful piece of carriage-work, and, when you are all aboard, the only fault I can find with it is one which is obviously inevitable—the roof is too close to your head. The upholstery, which is carried out in a particularly pleasing kind of mottled brown leather, is a proper job, and your comfort is further increased by a railway-carriage sort of partition in the middle of the back seat. The front seats are of the bucket type, the driver's being adjustable for leg length. These, too, are pleasant to drive and be driven in, and, as the windows are large and draughts are few, travelling in the Alvis miniature saloon is a pleasant affair. Apart from the lowness of the roof, however, the complaint I have to make against it, which is no doubt applicable to every one of its class, is that, as it has only two doors instead of four, getting in and out of the car is a gymnastic feat and nothing less. Further, it means that the back passengers have to be eased in first, before the driver and his companion can squeeze their way into their seats. Once in, however, you are in a peculiarly nice small car.

The price of the Alvis sporting saloon is £595.

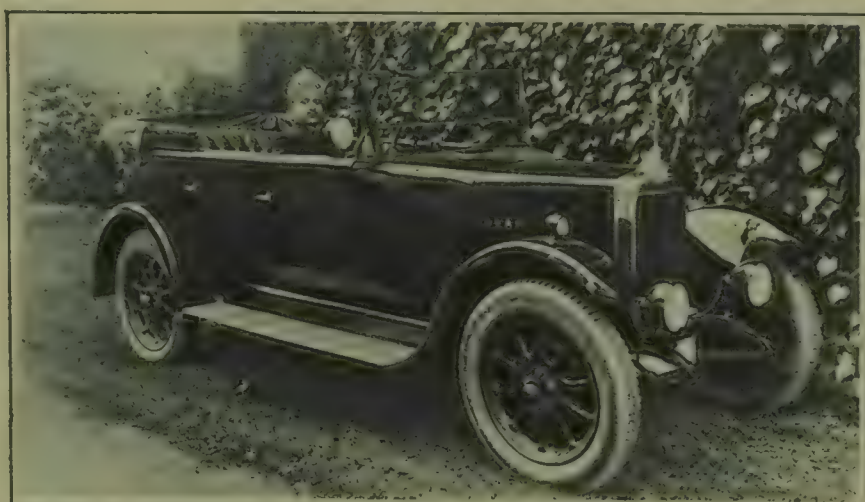


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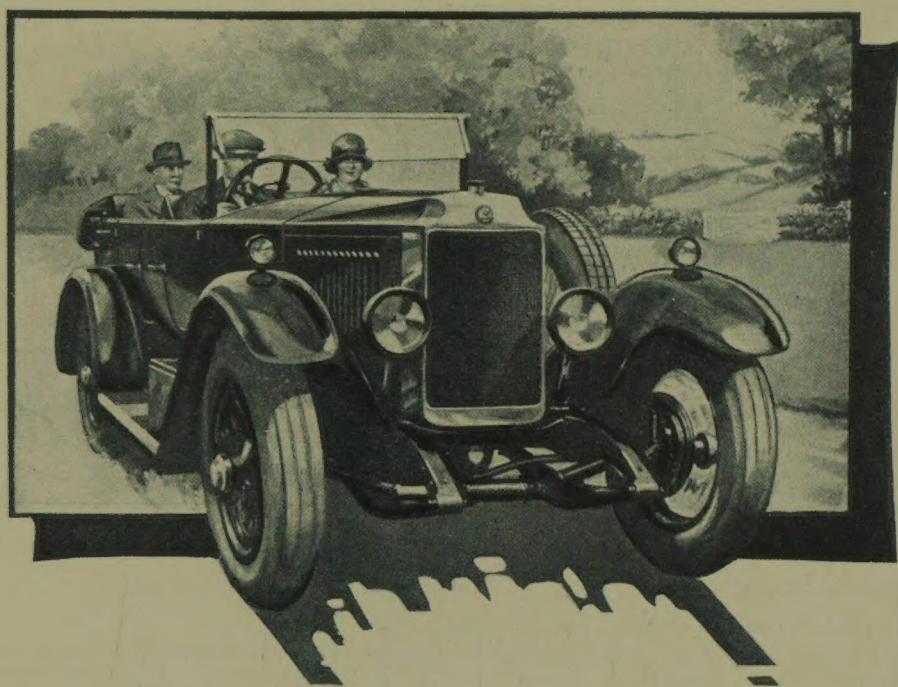
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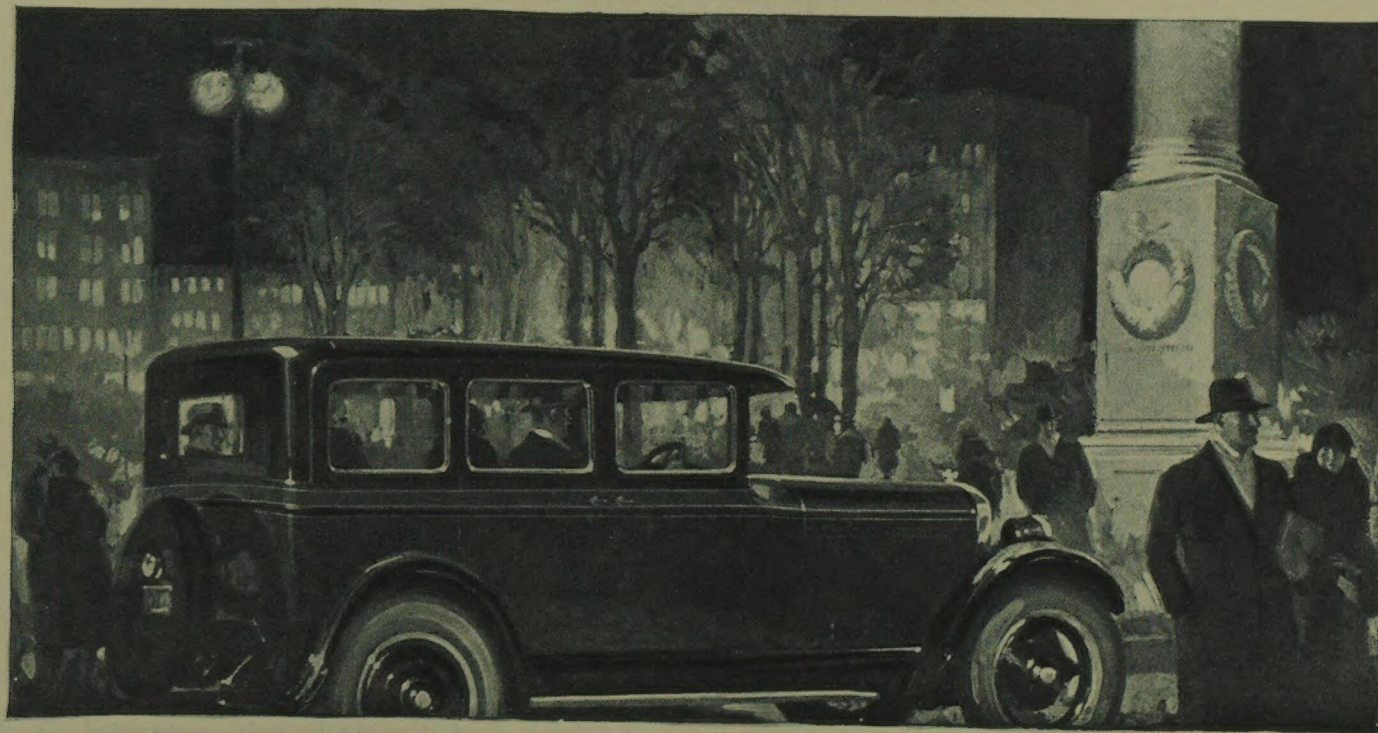
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

A FINE MAUGHAM PLAY FOR MISS COOPER.

OUT of one of his short stories Mr. Somerset Maugham has given us in "The Letter" one of his best plays. Its technique is scrupulously austere; no time is wasted on the superfluous fireworks of dialogue; its drama marches steadily forward from exciting start to grim finish. Those who do not like life and passion in some of their less pleasant aspects presented on the stage should avoid it; playgoers who enjoy the unfolding of a true story and are content to see a clever actress like Miss Gladys Cooper tackling courageously a difficult rôle will be amply rewarded by a visit to the Playhouse. As the curtain rises, six shots are fired by the heroine at a man visitor. There he lies crumpled up and dead, and a little later she explains to an audience of three men—including her husband and the barrister who is to undertake her defence—that she fired the shots to preserve her honour. Conduct worthy of a Roman matron hers, they decide, and, though she is arrested, her acquittal seems certain. Then there comes into the hands of her counsel the copy of a letter written by her to her victim on the eve of the tragedy. The original is in the hands of the dead man's Chinese mistress, and can be, and is, bought at a heavy price. Leslie has an explanation that satisfies her counsel; but when she is brought home to her husband's plantation—the scene is in the Malay Peninsula—the husband wants to see the letter which has cost him all his savings. And then the truth is slowly dragged out of her. The dead man had been for years her lover; he had grown tired of her, and had replaced her by this Chinese mistress of his, and she, in a mood of mad jealousy, had taken his life. The murder episode is, perhaps a little unnecessarily, reconstructed for us by a film "throw-back" device. For the first time her husband sees her in her true colours, and she tells her counsel that her retribution will be that she still loves the man she killed. Miss Cooper's acting has many affecting moments—a fainting fit at one stage of the tale is admirably done. In the part of the barrister Mr. Leslie Faber supplies yeoman service, the only fault of a big performance being his tendency to drop his voice. The trustful husband has at a point to break down into tears; splendidly natural is

Mr. Nigel Bruce in that scene. Well, here is a play worth seeing; if it reflects some cynicism, and even perhaps a touch of misogyny, on the author's part, that is a detail.

"THE GREATER LOVE," AT THE PRINCE'S.

It is an old-fashioned play, almost of the "Fédora" type, that Mr. James Fagan has written for Miss Sybil Thorndike under the title of "The Greater Love," for here we are back in Tsarist Russia amid revolutionary conspirators and harsh militarists, and the curtain falls on men and women tramping through snow to Siberian exile. Still, it is fine, strong melodrama of its sort, though the heroine Miss Thorndike is asked to impersonate wastes her affections on singularly unworthy associates. Her father gets himself mixed up with the plot through sheer stupidity; her brother is a gambler who, to free himself from his debts, betrays his revolutionary friends; her lover is ready to wreck his career for the sake of drink. A feckless group this, it will be seen, by comparison with whom Colonel Tzaloff shines, though for long he wears all the attributes of villainy. There comes a moment when he offers Nadeshda the freedom of her friends at the price of her virtue. When she says, "You have bought me at a great price," he replies that the price has beggared him in military honour. They eye each other bleakly. But this seeming villain is going to be Mr. Fagan's hero, unlikely as may appear the prospect. Tzaloff does not exact his bargain, and, when inquiry is made into his conduct by his superiors, makes confession and goes off to Siberia out of love for Nadeshda. We see her joining him at the end. The play gets from all the cast the forthright acting it merits. Miss Thorndike is at her best; but no less good is Mr. Basil Gill as Tzaloff; and admirable sketches of character come from Mr. Henry Hewitt, Mr. Lawrence Hanray, Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston, and Mr. Lewis Casson.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE IN "THE WICKED EARL."

There is always great fun to be got out of the device of thrusting a comedian into a romantic and melodramatic atmosphere. Think of Charles Hawtrey called upon to act the pirate in "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure," or James Welch assuming mediæval armour in "When Knights were Bold." Mr. Walter

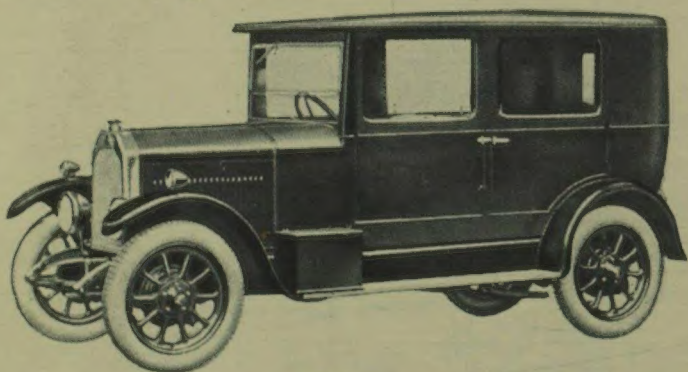
Hackett, in "The Wicked Earl," does a similar service to Mr. Cyril Maude; he makes him a Peer with little that is heroic apparently in his temper, but sends him to New Mexico to meet Death Valley Tomkins and Bud Hildreth and their gang of cut-throats in the search for papers and treasure. Death Valley Tomkins shot the young Earl's father—once known in New Mexico as the Apache Kid—on his own hearthrug at Saffron End. An unpleasant customer this to tackle. Yet when Mr. Maude's young Earl arrives in New Mexico out comes his pistol automatically, and we see him in defence of a woman tumbling the terrible Tomkins through an open window. He has many another adventure before he finds at home what he went to look for abroad, and the adventures are pictured with great spirit alike by author and by actor. There are strenuous players to help Mr. Maude in the persons of Mr. Sam Livesey and Mr. Alfred Drayton; four attractive actresses are in the cast—Miss Marion Lorne, Miss Stella Arbenina, Miss Mabel Sealby, and Miss Joyce Kennedy; and with them are two distinguished comedians, Mr. C. M. Lowne and Mr. O. B. Clarence.

"THE BLUE COMET," AT THE COURT.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts's luck in the theatre seems to have deserted him somewhat in his latest comedy, "The Blue Comet," perhaps because he has parted company for a while with the Devonshire types he knows so well, and consorts instead with art-loving highbrows in Hampstead. These Bedales, though they find it difficult to make both ends meet, are harmless, well-mannered folk; but because of their mildness the playwright seems to think they need a contrast and a shock; and, as if the rush past the earth of a comet and possible contact were not shock enough for anybody, he thrusts on them a new young relative from Australia—one Christopher Bedale, who makes an aggressive display of wealth and showers gifts on them with exasperating boorishness. There is a good deal of broad farce in the play, but it is crude, like Christopher himself. Mr. Paul Cavanagh tries to recommend this impossible young man to the audience's good graces; Miss Minnie Rayner is in the cast; and Miss Dorothy Hall, Miss Cecily Byrne, Mr. George Elton, and Mr. Clarence Blakiston bring out pleasantly the amiability of the Hampstead Bedales.

(Continued overleaf.)

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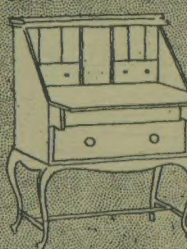
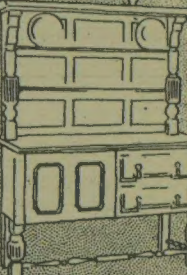
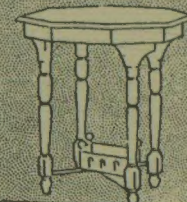
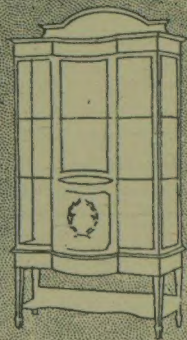
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Continued.]

"THE BLUE MAZURKA." AT DALY'S.

All the fuss caused by eleventh-hour changes of cast has not affected the prospects of the new Franz Lehar opera, "The Blue Mazurka," at Daly's. No doubt the preliminary try-out at Manchester was helpful; certain it is that Miss Gladys Moncrieff, given but a fortnight to learn her part, came out of the first-night ordeal successfully, and sang her music with superb confidence; while Mr. Wilfred Temple proves as melodious a tenor as Daly's has ever boasted. Theirs are two big successes of the production; there are two others—Miss Billie Hill and Mr. Clifford Mollison, who sing, dance, and act with such spirit that they might take two or three other encores for each of their duets. Another and better-known artist who also scores is Mr. Bertram Wallis in the rôle of an elderly Baron; while Mr. George Graves, with his customary comic methods, is also in the cast. It will be interesting to see whether Lehar's score, which of course is not jazz, will appeal to the modern pleasure-seeker; the mazurka is certainly made here the occasion of a very striking *coup d'œil*, with officers and ladies all dressed in blue.

In the note to Mr. Scriven Bolton's illustrations in our issue of Feb. 26, referring to the eclipse of the sun predicted for June 29, it was stated that the

itinerary of an expedition to Aal, in Norway, for viewing the eclipse, could be obtained from Mr. A. F. Bennett, of Haylings, Leiston, Suffolk. We now learn from the Royal Astronomical Society that this itinerary was prepared only for the use of its members, and not for the public, and further that the proposed expedition has since been abandoned.

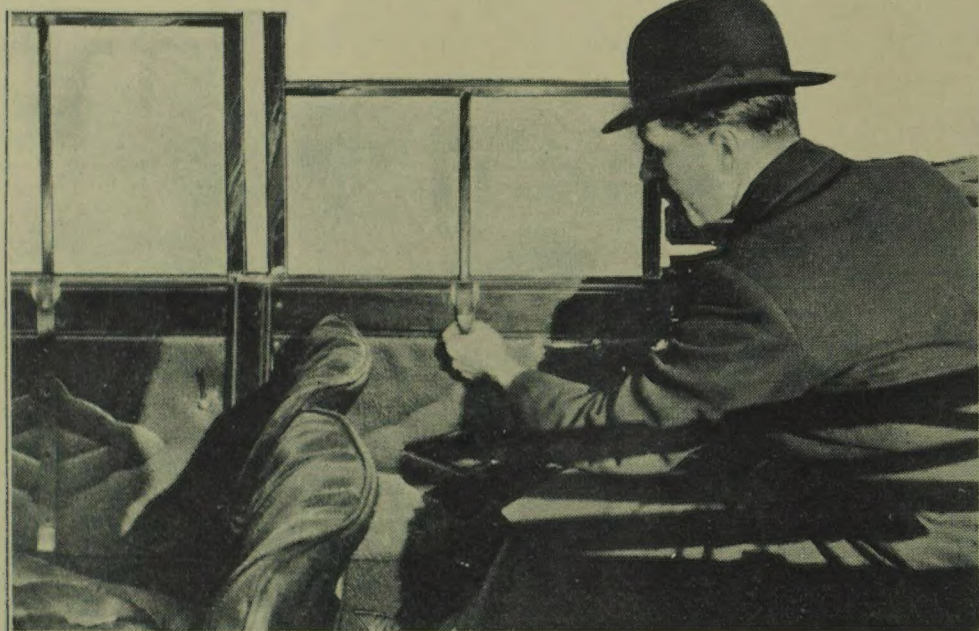
Readers who like topical epigram will be glad to learn that, early in April, Sir Charles Higham will publish, privately, his new book of aphorisms entitled "Tea-Tattle—being Old Saws re-sharpened with one or two New Ones." The price of the book will be 5s. net. Sir Charles, who was formerly M.P. (Coalition Unionist) for South Islington, is well known as a publicist and writer on matters affecting labour.

Arrangements have been completed for the preservation in the L.N.E.R. Railway Museum at York of the famous Brighton line express engine "Gladstone," which was the first of a new type of engine designed by William Stroudley in 1882. The L.N.E.R. Museum at York has been created out of the celebration of the centenary of the world's railways which was held at Darlington in 1925, and now consists of an exhibition of railway

rolling-stock illustrating the wonderful development of British railways.

Taste in home decoration is a matter in which there is much room for improvement, as anyone can see at a glance from the top of a bus as it passes through London streets. The L.C.C. has done good service, therefore, towards the education of domestic taste by organising a course of free lectures on furniture, illustrated by lantern slides. They are given on Thursday evenings, at 7.30 p.m., at the Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Road, Shoreditch. The list of lectures (some of which have already been delivered) is as follows: Feb. 17, "English Wall Papers from Tudor Times to the Eighteenth Century"—Mr. H. Jenkinson; Feb. 24, "Silks and other Materials for Furnishings"—Mr. H. Woodman; March 3, "Lighting and Heating in Olden Times, illustrated by slides and specimens in the Museum"—Mr. E. Hawking; March 10, "English Furniture, 1770-1810"—Mr. Frederick Litchfield; March 17, "English Furniture, period of William and Mary and Queen Anne"—Mr. Ingleson C. Goodison, L.R.I.B.A.; March 24, "Veneers"—Mr. Walter C. Potter (of Wm. Mallinson and Sons, Ltd.). No tickets are required for these lectures. Handbills may be obtained at the Museum.

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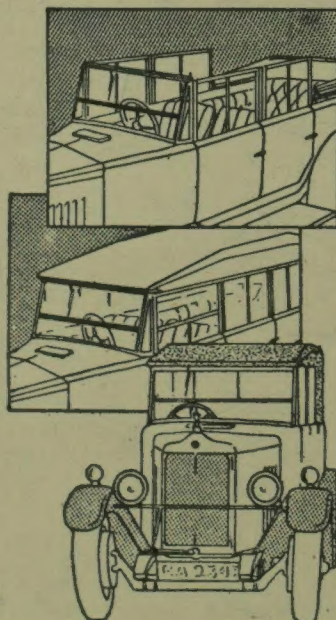
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